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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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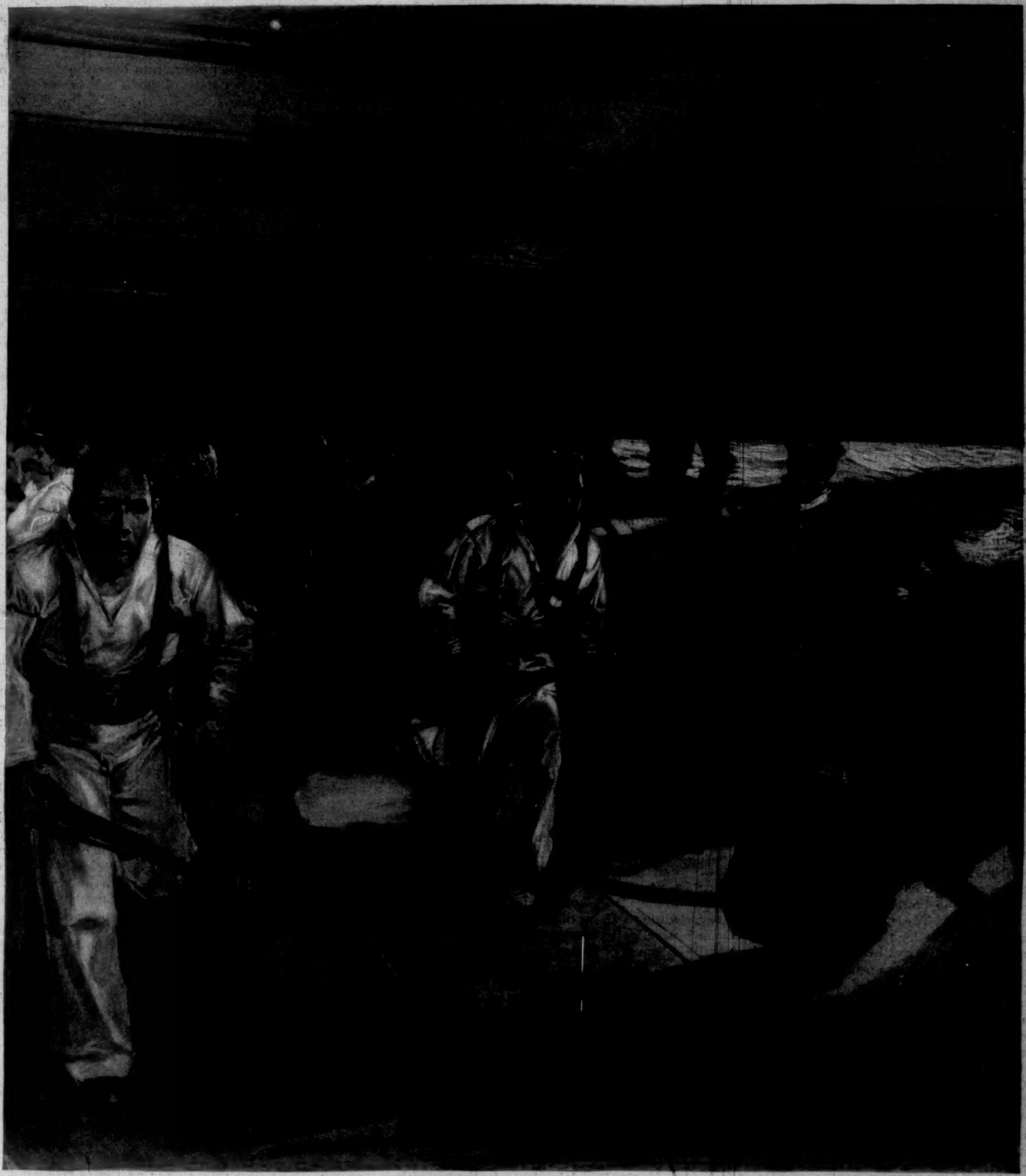

"CAST LOOSE AND PROVIDE."

ACTION EXERCISE ON BOARD U. S. S. "OREGON," ON THE VOYAGE TO MANILA.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 24, 1898

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IN the issue of December 10, relying upon an interview published in a daily newspaper, the WEEKLY stated that Attorney-General GRIGGS had expressed the belief that in legislating for our new colonies Congress would not be bound by the constitutional limitations imposed upon it for the protection of the States and of the rights of individuals. The Attorney-General now writes us to say that he has not made any statement or given any opinion to justify our remarks. Most of these, however, were our own inferences from the premises which we have already stated, and which are, in fact, the opinions of many expansionists, if they are not those of the Attorney-General. We regret to have been led into error by trusting to a newspaper interview, and to have thus done Mr. GRIGGS a wrong.

THERE are a good many bad features in both the MILES and the HULL army bills, but we hope that there will be a reconciliation between the two, resulting in the elimination of the bad features of both, and especially of one gross injustice in the latter. Whether we keep the Philippines or not, or whether the treaty of peace signed at Paris is ratified or not, we need a much larger army, and still more we need an army much better organized than that which we had at the outbreak of the war. No one knows better than General MILES the weak points in his own and in Mr. HULL'S bill, but he was evidently under the necessity of preparing a measure that would not invite opposition from the army, and consequent confusion of mind among Congressmen. Whatever happens, we advise the army and all its branches to keep out of the struggle in Congress. If a bill is to be passed at the present session, it will be because Congressmen are left to work out their own conclusions without professional interference. The army or some of its branches can probably defeat any measure agreed upon by the two military committees.

THE PICQUART case has aroused a good deal of interest and is exciting a good deal of attention in Paris, and there are people who would spit upon PICQUART, as well as those who think him a hero. That he is a hero, however, seems to be the opinion of the most judicious and best informed, for he has voluntarily endangered his position, which was a brilliant one, because he believed that injustice had been done DREYFUS which seriously reflected upon the honor of the army, and upon the republic itself. These same enemies of PICQUART, some of whom, under the leadership of two Deputies, paraded the street in which the Cherche Midi prison is situated, for the simple purpose of insulting the man who was helpless behind bars, are also the enemies of the Cour de Cassation; and one of the Deputies, in his harangue before the Cherche Midi prison, called the justices of the court "infamous monsters," while another declared that they were "perverting justice." The Cour de Cassation, by-the-way, in preventing the trial of Colonel PICQUART, is itself deserving of great honor. At the same time it is moving France to its senses. It not only stood out against the storm of crazy public sentiment, but it has calmed the angry feelings of the populace, and has induced a good many people who were the enemies of DREYFUS on general principles to reflect. The result has been that a professor and revisionist, after making a speech in support of his contention, was cheered by his students when he appeared in the lecture-room at the Sorbonne. These same students would probably have stoned him a month ago, and before the Cour de Cassation had taken its position on the revision. It is evident that there is a good deal to hope for from France, and that there, as in other countries, calm discussion is likely to produce beneficent results.

INTEROCEANIC CANAL PROBLEMS.

THERE is no doubt that the time is nearly here for the construction of a canal uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, but the questions involved, so far as the government is concerned, are grave and difficult, and there are various forces at work which are hostile to one another, and necessarily make speedy action impossible. There are the antagonisms, in the first place, between government ownership of the canal, and government control, and mere government participation including endorsement of a private corporation. Then there are the international questions involved. There is nothing, however, of such serious import that it may not be settled, provided that nothing but the public welfare is considered. The country has made up its mind that a canal ought to be constructed, and, as matters now stand, the Nicaragua Canal is the only one in the public contemplation. Indeed, this route has been the only one in the thoughts of the people for many years, and also the only project which has been presented to Congress in such a manner as to excite an interest sufficient to be formulated and embodied in bills and reports, and in appropriations for commissions charged with the task of making investigations and surveys. The Panama route has been so long surrendered to French exploiters that the public seems to have forgotten that the United States government has rights there other than those represented in a physical way by the Panama Railroad.

The rights of this country in Panama are contained in a treaty which was negotiated with New Grenada in 1846, and which is still operative between this country and Colombia, the latter having succeeded to New Grenada in 1862. Under this treaty the United States have "the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist or that may hereafter be constructed." This right is guaranteed both to the government and the citizens of this country, and there is a further guarantee as to tolls to be charged. In return for this, "the United States guarantee positively and efficaciously to New Grenada, by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus . . . and, in consequence, the United States also guarantee, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Grenada has and possesses over the said territory." As we have already said, this treaty is still in force, and, so late as President CLEVELAND'S first administration, troops of the United States were landed on the isthmus, under its provisions, for the suppression of disorder and the protection of the property of the Panama Railroad Company. The advantage which the United States have under this treaty is the joint control of the canal with New Grenada for purposes of commerce, it being stipulated that the charges and tolls imposed upon the one shall be no greater than those imposed upon the other.

Thus much for the treaty status of the Panama Canal, and the rights which this country possesses in the work now in progress on the isthmus. Whether that work will result in the actual construction of a canal is a question which is now interesting engineers, the views of General ABBOTT having already been stated in the WEEKLY. All that we care to state in this article is that if a canal be built at Panama the rights of the United States, so far as the transit of persons and vessels engaged in commerce is concerned, will be the same as those of Colombia, and will, we think, be practically the same so far as the passage over the isthmus of troops and war-vessels is concerned.

The first arrangement for a canal was made by this government with the government of Nicaragua, and contemplated the construction of a ship waterway over the route from Greytown to the Pacific by way of Lake Nicaragua. This arrangement was entered into in 1849, and resulted from the acquisition of California in May, 1848. As soon as the concession was obtained, however, conflicting rights or claims on the part of Great Britain were encountered. That government exercised a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, who occupied nearly the whole of the eastern coast of Nicaragua, over Belize, or British Honduras, and over the Bay Islands and other islands adjoining Honduras. It was therefore realized at Washington that if this country undertook to aid in the construction of a canal and to control it, especially if it was built through territory which might be claimed by the British government as the property of the Mosquito Indians, serious difficulty might result. Therefore Mr. CLAYTON, President TAYLOR'S Secretary of State, requested the British government, of which Lord JOHN RUSSELL was the head, to consent to the construction of the canal through Mosquito territory. The British government declined to do this, and the result was the negotiation of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty of April, 1850. In this treaty the two governments agree that "neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of owning or exercising any dominion over the same." We have quoted this at length from the first article of the treaty because it has nearly always been contended by the United States that in continuing to exercise a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians and over some of the islands Great Britain has violated the treaty from the beginning, and that therefore the convention is, and always has been, void. It has been also contended by various Secretaries of State that Great Britain has not only continued to exercise a jurisdiction which she was bound to surrender under the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty, but that she has enlarged her jurisdiction and violated her agreement not to colonize the Central American states, especially through a treaty made with Guatemala in 1859, in which her Honduras "settlements" were transformed into "possessions." This contention was made by Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN in his instructions to Mr. LOWELL in 1882, and in the same instructions he insisted that the intention of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty was "to dispossess Great Britain" from the Mosquito territory. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN also contended that the treaty failed for lack of consideration, its one object, the building of the canal by the concessionnaire of 1849, not having been accomplished. Nearly all American Secretaries of State have contended that the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty is void; but President BUCHANAN, in his fourth annual message, 1860, declared that, through treaties concluded by her with Honduras and Nicaragua, Great Britain had relinquished her protectorate over the Mosquitoes, and that therefore the dangerous question "arising from the CLAYTON and BULWER treaty.... had been amicably and honorably adjusted."

Subsequent Presidents and Secretaries, however, did not agree with BUCHANAN, although Mr. BLAINE seemed to assent to the theory of the treaty's survival by asking Lord GRANVILLE to consent to its abrogation, and President CLEVELAND recognized it. The difference of opinion on this subject between the two governments, however, continues, the British Foreign Office holding that the treaty is in force. However this may be, it is quite evident from the friendly sentiment prevailing between the two countries, and from more specific testimonies, that the difference can be arranged, and that Great Britain will agree to give to the United States all the ownership that Congress may desire the government to have, and full control of the canal besides. It is not likely, moreover, that any bill will be passed by both Houses of Congress unless it contains a request or an instruction to the President to agree with Great Britain in a renewal of the essential feature of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty that the two powers shall guarantee the neutrality of the canal.

There are some difficulties too in the way of the pending MORGAN bill to be found in the Nicaragua concessions, especially one which seems to forbid control by the United States. Whether this can be so readily overcome is a serious question. The Nicaraguan government is not friendly to the Maritime Canal Company, but is evidently friendly to EYRE and CRAGIN, to whom it has granted a reversion of the Maritime Company's concession when it terminates, as is claimed, on the 9th of next October. Probably then the questions with Nicaragua will be much easier of settlement if they exist, but in the mean time vested interests of citizens of the United States may be imperilled or lost.

At any rate, so far as the government is concerned, it is clear that it is guaranteed all the rights it needs, less than actual ownership, in any canal that may be built at Panama, and that it may secure even greater rights, if it wishes them, at Nicaragua by diplomatic management. At all events, it seems as though the necessary preliminary work in canal-building, if the Nicaragua route is to be insisted on, is for the Executive.

ANGLOPHOBIA.

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

IN seeking for the source of a prejudice against England which cannot be denied, we may find that slight causes of animosity may gradually affect popular thought, leading to dangerous conditions in the relations even of the States of the Union, yet more in the relation of our nation to others.

The inherited burden of slavery caused the perversion of thought which led men of otherwise incorruptible integrity to maintain negro servitude even to the arbitrament of war. This was due to the false conviction that the only possible relation of the white and black races was that of master and slave.

The disease which I have named anglophobia is of a somewhat similar nature. It will die without resort to violence, under the incentive which is now leading to a study of the relations of the English-speaking people to each other. Events wholly unforeseen a short time ago have stirred the hearts of multitudes, who are now trying to find a way to extend the aid and sympathy to each other which are the logical outcome of the mutual service developed by their commerce. Presently every one will wonder how very slight obstructions should so long have kept English-speaking people at variance, when their whole methods of thought, ends, aims, hopes, laws, and customs are nearly identical. This superficial animosity has been attributed to several causes.

First, to the school-books in which what has been called history is taught. In these books the battles of the Revolution and the isolated naval battles of the war of 1812 are brought into most conspicuous notice. But this is a slight and wholly insufficient cause of animosity.

Second, to the aid and sympathy which a small Tory faction gave to the support of slavery during the civil war. This has been a cause of rightful reprehension, but only toward this faction, which did not represent the people of England.

Among grown men these sources of animosity soon cease to be of any effect. They do not bear the test of time or intelligence. Yet an almost unacknowledged jealousy, suspicion, and distrust of British influence have remained, which might at any time in the last few years have become a grave danger. It therefore becomes not only expedient but necessary to search for the true cause of this animosity, in order that it may be removed.

It is due to a false conception of the nature of commerce. Is it not apparent that men who regard the effort of foreign manufacturers to sell their goods in this country, in exchange for our products which they need, as "a war upon domestic industry" (I quote from a speech of a Senator of the United States) must be led to a state of animosity against those who thus threaten us? Must they not impute false motives and unjustifiable methods to the leaders in such an attack? The mediæval theory that in the conduct of international trade what one nation gained another must lose, and that the possession of colonies justified their oppression in the effort to profit the nation which had conquered and occupied them, still has a strong hold on the minds of many men in the highest positions of influence and authority in this country. They are blind to the simple principle that commerce consists in an exchange of goods for goods, to the benefit of each country, only the balance of trade, so-called, being settled in specie. If there were no other monetary relation between countries except this exchange of goods, that country which exported more goods than it imported would lose by the traffic and the trade would stop. When mutual benefit and mutual profit end the commerce ends. No one has cleared away this rubbish about the balance of trade more effectively than Daniel Webster.

Now to the application of these ideas. The writer began a serious study of the principle of commerce during the first year of the civil war. He had been brought up in the belief that slave labor was necessary to the production of cheap cotton, and that impression prevailed among all his business associates in the cotton manufacture. He was surrounded by men who held the conviction that low rates of wages were necessary to the production of manufactured goods at low cost. He had been bred in the belief that the protection of domestic industry by the imposition of a high duty on foreign imports was the right of every true citizen. Beginning with the study of the cotton fibre, he found that De Bow, editor of *De Bow's Review*, and previously the superintendent of the latest census, was held of highest authority in statistical science and in Southern agriculture. The facts and figures which De Bow presented regarding the production of cotton, and the theory on which he defended slavery, were generally accepted throughout the North, and formed the basis of the political convictions in the South. He held that the crop of cotton would diminish the more active the demand and the higher the price. Admitting his premises, his conclusions were based on sound reasoning and were fully justified. He proved that for every cent added to the price of cotton a hundred dollars was added to the price of the human chattel then assumed to be necessary for its production. He then proved that the slave-breeding States north of the cotton-fields could not meet the demands of the slave-consuming States in which cotton was raised, and that in the process the human cattle were rapidly worked out. On this abhorrent logic the system of slave labor rested, and to it the so-called Cotton Whigs of the North lent their support.

It took very little research to expose the excessive cost of such a system of labor, and the fallacy of the assumed necessity even of black, much less of slave, labor in the production of cotton. These fallacies were exposed in the first pamphlet ever published by the writer, "Cheap Cotton by Free Labor," 1861.

The writer then took up the question of wages. He soon discovered the profound error in the idea that low rates of wages are necessary to the production of manufactured goods at low cost. This error lies at the bottom of the humiliating fear of foreign pauper labor which still pervades the minds even of persons of intelligence in this country who have not studied the question. The writer found, both in his own experience in the conduct of factories and in the observation of other employers of large numbers of working-people, that preference was always given to workmen of highest skill in order to convert crude materials into finished goods at the lowest cost by the unit of product. Conversely he observed that the workmen of highest skill and aptitude earned the highest rate of wages through the possession of this very power of reducing the cost of labor. High wages were found to correspond with low cost, low wages or cheap labor with high cost, except in branches of industry which are conducted mainly by manual labor, and in which time and physical strength or aptitude in the use of the fingers are the principal factors. Yet it is only after twenty years that this conception has now become a part of the common thought of almost every one.

It now needs only one single proposition to prove it for all time. We are now exporting one hundred million dollars' worth of goods per month, of nearly every kind produced in this country. One or more examples of almost every useful product is now being exported to every known port on the globe, at the rate of twelve hundred million dollars' worth per year. Ninety per cent. are sold to the manufacturing or machine-using states and nations, whose power of purchase has been increased by the application of science and invention to their own products. These goods are sold in competition with the products of the machine-using nations, and mainly to them, namely, Great Britain, France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Belgium, in which countries the rates of wages are, as a rule, from twenty-five to fifty per cent. less than they are on the fields, in the factories, and in the workshops in which export goods are made. Our products of all kinds are sent for sale not only to those manufacturing countries themselves, but, in competition with their products, to the non-machine-using nations of the world, in comparison with whose wages the earnings of the workmen of these countries are far higher; while in comparison with the workmen in this country our wages are five to ten fold greater.

If the rate of wages governed or controlled the cost of labor in these products, not one dollar's worth of any kind could be exported from this country to any part of the world, unless possibly to Australia and New Zealand, where the rates of wages are reputed to be higher than they are in the United States.

One could not deal with this problem of wages without being led directly to study the basis of the theory of what is called protection. The logic of the facts forced the writer, against his will, to give up all his previous ideas and to become the advocate of the sure and steady reform of our revenue system, until we should reach free trade. He has since advocated that policy for the purpose of protecting American labor and developing domestic industry to the utmost.

At a somewhat earlier date the writer had come into very intimate relations with the late David A. Wells, who was then a disciple of Henry C. Carey. Mr. Wells, having had his direction turned by myself to the logic of the facts, had himself begun to doubt his former convictions, when we both attended one of the afternoon sessions of what was called the Hock Club, at the house of Mr. Carey. In the course of that afternoon's discussion—if discussion it could be called—Mr. Carey said that in his judgment "the material progress of the United States would be more fully promoted by a ten years' war with Great Britain than by any other method." It then became evident to Mr. Wells that if what Mr. Henry C. Carey conceived to be the promotion of domestic industry and the protection of American labor rested upon such an abhorrent conception, the whole theory must be false, as that conception was immoral, and repugnant to every principle of science and of justice. His subsequent investigations finally brought him to the same conclusions which the writer had attained, his own survey giving him a much broader examination of the facts than had been possible to the writer.

Do we not find a cause of animosity against Great Britain in the prevalence of these ideas, to which Mr. Henry C. Carey did not hesitate to give expression? Yet this false conception of the relative loss and gain in commerce and of antagonism in international trade was derived by us from British precedents, and has only been surmounted by the English-speaking people themselves during the last fifty years. We are but repeating history, and we are being led by the logic of the facts to the same revolution of ideas which occurred in Great Britain a little over fifty years ago under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. The effort of the mother-country, after the conquest of Canada down to the beginning of our Revolution, had been to prevent the establishment of manufactures in the colonies of America, which nevertheless were established, and, on the evidence of Alexander Hamilton, were thriving in every direction at the time when he made his notable report. The effort of the mother-country had been to forbid intercolonial trade. This effort was later coupled with one to enforce the navigation laws, which had fallen into disuse, against the colonies as if they were foreign countries. These were true causes of animosity, and they led to the independence of the United States.

It was not until 1842 that Sir Robert Peel, who had been elected with a large majority in Parliament to sustain the so-called principle of protection, became convinced that the system had ended in privation. He was convinced by the logic of the facts and by the figures of the national accounts compiled by Joseph Hume under an order of Parliament of 1840. Never before had the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland been in such extremity. He pictured these bad conditions in burning words, which I quote from memory:

"Ships rotting at the wharves, agricultural laborers starving in the fields, the manufacturing operatives rioting in the streets, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer seated on an empty chest over the pool of a bottomless deficiency fishing for a budget."

He condemned the existing conditions by saying that the policy which had been so long established "for the purpose of developing and keeping the home market had effectually destroyed that market by reducing the mass of the population to beggary, destitution, and want."

Such was the end of the effort to hold the sole control of the trade of the colonies, and of the effort to maintain restrictions on British manufactures and production under the name of protection.

In one of his subsequent speeches, covering the record of his reform, he used the following words, which would now be most fitly applied to the reform of the tariff of this country:

"I stated, and I am now ready to repeat the statement, that if we had to deal with a new society, in which those infinite and complicated interests which grow up under institutions like those in the midst of which we live had found no existence, the true abstract principle would be 'to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest.' And yet it is quite clear that it would be utterly impossible to apply that principle, in a state of society such as that in which we live, without a due consideration of the interests which have grown up under the protection of former laws. While contending for the justice of the abstract principle, we may at the same time admit the necessity of applying it partially; and I think the proper object is, first of all, to lay the foundation of good laws, to provide the way for gradual improvements, which may thus be introduced without giving a shock to existing interests. If you do give a shock to those interests, you create prejudices against the principles themselves, and only aggravate the distress."

We have outgrown the present system, and on every hand the representatives of nearly every branch of industry in the country are demanding the promotion of exports, and that must be the ruling motive in the reform of our present system of collecting the revenue. When that work is done, the prime cause of animosity against Great Britain will have been removed. We are seeking a market for the excess of the crude products of our farms, our mines, and our forests, and of late we have also been seeking a foreign market for the excess of the highest types of all our manufactures.

The largest market for these goods exists among the states of Europe, whose power of purchase has been increased by their application of science and invention to all the arts. The power of purchase must exist in order that there may be any power of sale, and that power is found chiefly in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and her colonies. For ten years prior to 1897 the English-speaking people of the world and their dependencies bought from us sixty per cent. of all that we had to sell. Next to them, our competitors in manufacturing—France, Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands—bought of us twenty-three per cent. of all that we had to sell. The rest of the world, only seventeen per cent. It follows that if our own interest be regarded as the single motive, we should endeavor to increase the power of purchase of the machine-using nations, especially of Great Britain, by opening our ports, under purely revenue duties, to their goods and wares of every kind—a free buyer always tending to become more and more a free seller, and *vice versa*.

We are in danger at the present time of being misled by the lack of attention to the statistics of international commerce. We are being told to seek an extension of our markets in Asia, Africa, the Philippine Islands, and in the Spanish-American states of South and Central America and the West Indies, even to the danger of adopting the mediæval follies of establishing colonies for the purpose of maintaining the sole control of their trade. We are being urged to adopt the very policy which has ruined Spain, and which France and Germany are pursuing at an excessive cost without any profit in the trade of their colonies. In repeating history, let us not repeat the very policy which Great Britain gave up fifty years ago, to her own immense benefit, as well to that of every section of the world over which she has carried the rule of the common law, the justice of the English courts, and the security of the British administration.

In the year 1898 our exports were as follows:

EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES FOR TWELVE MONTHS ENDING JUNE 30, 1898.

			Per cent.
United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland		$540,860,152	43.92
British colonies and dependencies:			
Gibraltar	$304,829		
Malta	64,352		
Bermuda	998,941		
British Honduras	555,179		
British North America	84,911,260		
British West Indies	8,382,740		
British Guiana	1,792,912		
Australia	15,603,763		
British Africa	12,027,142		
British Asia	10,961,055		
		135,602,173	11.01
		$676,462,325	54.93
Germany	$155,039,972		
France	95,452,692		
Netherlands	64,274,622		
Belgium	47,606,311		
		362,373,597	29.43
Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, and all other European States		69,718,419	5.66
		$1,108,554,341	90.02
South and Central America, Mexico, and West Indies not British, including Cuba and Puerto Rico		77,194,168	6.27
Asia not British		33,863,213	2.75
Oceanica not British, including Philippine Islands		6,387,618	.52
Africa not British		5,330,610	.44
		$1,231,329,950	100.00

It will be observed that the whole of the Spanish-American states, the whole of Asia not British, Oceanica, including the Philippine Islands not British, and Africa not British, possessed the power of purchasing from us a fraction under ten per cent. of our entire exports, while the British colonies and dependencies [illegible] bought from us a fraction over eleven per cent. It will be remarked that if even a tolerable treaty of reciprocity is now negotiated with British North America we may expect an increase in a single year in their purchase of our goods in a sum more than equal to the entire trade of Oceanica not under British rule, including the Philippine Islands. The purchasing power of the Philippine Islands is so small, and the exports are so insignificant, that to introduce them in

this table would require a carrying of the decimal point into the hundredths of one per cent.—they are not worth stating separately.

We are already the largest consumers of the crude products of Asia, Africa, Oceanica, and the Spanish American states, but the wants of these hand-working people are very limited. The wants of the population of Asia, Africa, and Oceanica are limited to a few yards each of what are called cotton goods, usually loaded to the extent of twenty-five or thirty per cent. with clay and starch, or to the cheapest products formerly called Brummagem (Birmingham), but now commonly marked "Made in Germany." We may increase our exports by making goods of these kinds; far better to increase our exports to the European states, which demand good quality, and where our fabrics are sold mainly on their superiority, drawing bills of exchange as we do now in payment for the crude products of Asia, Africa, and Oceanica. Witness the fact that our total exports to these barbarous countries and to the semicivilized Latin American states, all included, are less than our exports to the British colonies only, and have been so year by year for twelve years. Yet our wages are the highest in the world.

The reason is very plain. Wages are recovered from the sale of the product, in the manufacture of which capital has been advanced. The capital of this country, consisting of food, fuel, metal, timbers, and fibres, is in excess of that of any other manufacturing country. We produce an excess of food, an excess of fuel, an excess of metal, an excess of timber, and such an excess of cotton that with the proceeds of a small part we can buy all the wool we need. When common-sense is applied to the production of wool on the cotton-fields we shall become exporters of wool as well as of cotton. All other manufacturing states with which we compete are deficient in one or more of these elements of production, and are mainly dependent upon us for their supply. Under these conditions our high wages are derived from products made at the lowest cost of production.

Our other advantage has consisted in national taxation at the rate of only $5 per head each year, $2 50 being applied to the normal cost of government—civil, military, and judicial under conditions of peace. This sum has been wholly derived from liquors and tobacco, domestic and foreign; while the other $2 50, derived mainly from sugar and miscellaneous duties, has covered pensions and interest.

At $5 per head our national taxation has been less than half in terms of money that of Great Britain and Germany, less than one-third that of France, less than one-fifth that of Austria and Italy.

If regard be given to the ratio of national or imperial taxation to the annual product of labor and capital from which it is derived, we have a considerable advantage even over Great Britain; but our greatest advantage is over Continental Europe, in which Great Britain shares in somewhat less measure. That advantage is from six to ten per cent. of our entire product. The burden of the rule of blood and iron in Germany, and the curse of militarism in France and Italy and Austria, take from their annual product from ten to twenty-five per cent., from a supply which if wholly devoted to subsistence would barely suffice, leaving but a small margin. Hence this so-called pauper labor is ineffectual, and in some parts of the Continent, notably in Italy, loathsome diseases generated by want of food are spreading through the country. Our national taxation has not exceeded two and one-half per cent. upon our entire product; that of Great Britain somewhat larger, but yet a burden easily borne. Other things being equal, on taxation at $5 per head we can make a profit of six to ten per cent. on products upon which France, Germany, and other Continental states can make nothing, and on which some would lose. Under these conditions the English-speaking peoples control the commerce of the world. Their profits would yield an ample return upon capital on the mere difference in the burden of national taxation.

When the obstructions to the mutual service of the English-speaking people are removed, the cause of animosity will go with them. No wonder that the dynastic rulers of Continental Europe fear the removal of the animosity which has existed in this country against Great Britain, and dread the commercial union of the English-speaking people, before which their power to sustain the military system would be destroyed.

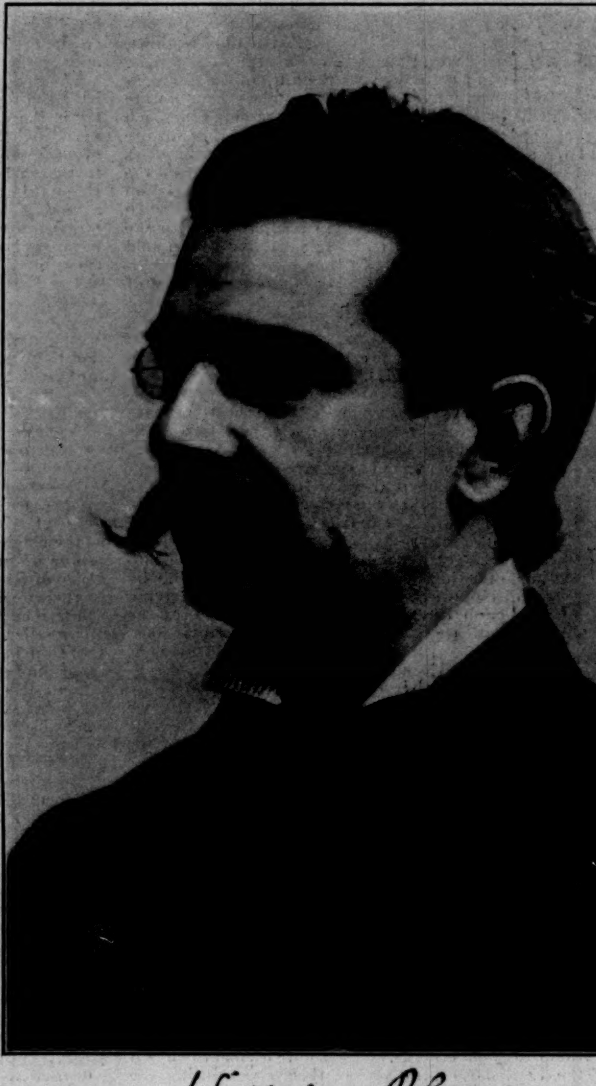
The policy now named imperialism, and sometimes called expansion, advocated by those who desire to extend the sovereignty of the United States over Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, is a long step toward militarism. The lowest charge in money which is anticipated for the next two years by the Secretary of the Treasury adds $3 per head to our peace expenditures of $5, making $8 per head, or over $225,000,000 a year, thus throwing away our main advantage in a futile attempt to gain a share in commerce which is not worth having at any such cost, while subjecting the armed forces which will be needed to maintain that dominion to corruption of the blood from nameless diseases, which will be the inevitable consequence of the adoption of this policy.

As President McKinley wisely said, and still appears to hold, the perversion of a war entered upon in the name of humanity to a war of conquest would be a national crime. It is evident from his message that he will resist the commission of this crime, and in that resistance every true citizen of any repute may be relied upon to support him.

BOSTON, *December 7, 1898.*

WILLIAM BLACK.

THE death of Mr. William Black, which occurred on Saturday, December 10, at his home in Brighton, England, ended a literary career which will no doubt always be regarded as one exceptionally easy of comprehension, exceptionally free from the difficult problems and contradictions which a student of literature expects to find in the life of an eminent writer. There was, to be sure, a little vacillation for a few years before the novelist recognized the field in which it was easy and natural for him to excel, but after the discovery had been made, a few simple principles were formulated which served him, and served him wonderfully well, through rather more than thirty years of activity. Everybody who has read even a few of his books knows the principles of his art, which were applied consistently in every piece of work to which he put his hand, and which we find more or less completely exemplified now in every one of his many volumes—almost twoscore of them. He believed that a story should be wholesome and easy to understand, and really a story rather than a problem, theory, or protest in disguise; he unfeignedly liked the world and found it beautiful; he saw clearly the attractive features of attractive people, and he was observant of quaint and amusing characteristics as well. What he saw he has described in his novels with simplicity, directness, and uncommon zest. The people and the scenes thus transferred from



William Black

Born, November 15, 1841. Died, December 10, 1898.

life to literature have delighted and will continue to delight a very large number of gentle readers, for the essential pleasures in life are not the exclusive property of a single generation. Those persons whose taste has been formed by constant attention to the later school in fiction, which is so much more complex, strenuous, and "expansive," may be expected to rebel against uniformity and consistency. It is in their prayers, and the prayers of all, that the new fiction may be wider and stronger, as well as freer, than that which preceded; but it will still be conceded, in justice to the older form, that "those things must beautiful be called which, often seen, please often."

William Black was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on the 15th of November, 1841. In his native town he received a thorough elementary training, so far as the local schools could supply it, and, with the most sincere appreciation of natural scenery—of form, color, phases, and changes in the landscape—he studied at the government art schools. And he had the power to execute as well as to appreciate, but to execute with the pen rather than with the brush. Without the designing hand—without the "potter's thumb," so to speak—the artistic instinct will not produce works of art, though the impulse, baffled on that side, may find admirable expression in literature. Black became a journalist, at first in Glasgow, and subsequently in London, and, just before reaching the age of twenty-six, wrote his first novel, *Love or Marriage*, which was published in 1867, and afterwards withdrawn, at the author's request. The list of his works (novels and volumes of short stories) is as follows:

In Silk Attire; Kilmeny; A Daughter of Heth; The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton; A Princess of Thule; Three Feathers; Madcap Violet; Green Pastures and Piccadilly; Macleod of Dare; Nanciebel; Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands; The Monarch of Mincing Lane; The Maid of Killeena, and the Marriage of Moira Fergus; Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart; Sunrise; White Wings; The Beautiful Wretch; The Four Macnicols; The Pupil of Aurelius; Adventures in Thule; Yolande; Shandon Bells; Judith Shakespeare; White Heather; The Wise Women of Inverness; Sabrina Zembra; The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat; In Far Lochaber; The New Prince Fortunatus; Donald Ross of Heimra; Stand Fast, Craig-Royston!; The Magic Ink; Wolfenberg; The Handsome Humes; Highland Cousins; The Penance of John Logan, and Two other Tales; Briseis; and *Wild Eelin.* His biography of Goldsmith is, so far as I know, the only work of considerable length that he undertook in the department of criticism.

Fortune, after coquetting with him for a while just at first, though never quite leaving his sight, came to walk at his side and sit at his hearth after *A Daughter of Heth* was published. Probably the story is so well known that a few words will bring it all back; and one can easily recall the typical characters: Mr. Gavin Cassilis, the parish minister of Airlie, and his son "the Whaup," and the very dangerous Lord Earlhope, and Catherine Cassilis, called "Coquette." And the Manse itself, and Loch Scavaig, and the places down the Clyde—how typical these scenes are! And this situation: Catherine Cassilis is the daughter of the minister's only brother, who had left Scotland in his teens, and never returned; and, to speak plainly, his family had been glad when he went abroad, for he was the prodigal son, whom no one was anxious to see again! He had married a foreign woman, too, which put a climax to his wickedness, as the Airlie people thought; but the reader is assured the French lady he married was of the most gracious temperament, and had the sweetest looks, and had brought her Scotch husband a fine estate on the Loire. Alas! the mother and father of a fascinating little heroine had died within a few hours of each other, cut off by a fever which raged over the south of France; and so now we see the girl of eighteen, just come from a French school, arriving at the house of her only living relative, the Airlie minister.... Are they not all remembered now—these scenes and people and situations? Across the thousands of miles that intervene many grateful readers on this side of the Atlantic will send their acknowledgments, or, if they only speak the words, will unconsciously turn towards the East, as though Black were still there.

In an English edition of *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, I think (for unfortunately the volume is not at hand), the most attractive drawing contains a portrait of Black's real heroine—the heroine of the novel that he *lived*. Mrs. Black, of Scotch descent, though born in Northumberland, has shared her husband's tastes and found her pleasure in his occupations, as one may judge from the saying, "The year is without salt when I do not go to Scotland." Their daughters are Mabel and Violet, and their son Norman—a young lawyer.

MARRION WILCOX.

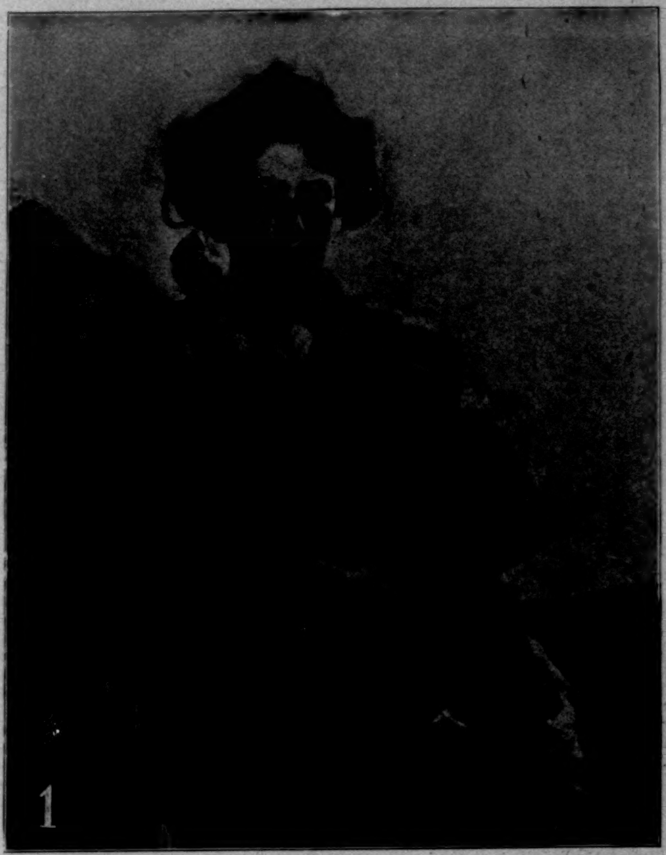
ART.

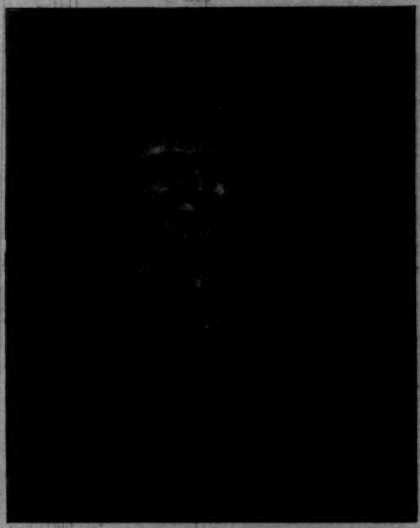
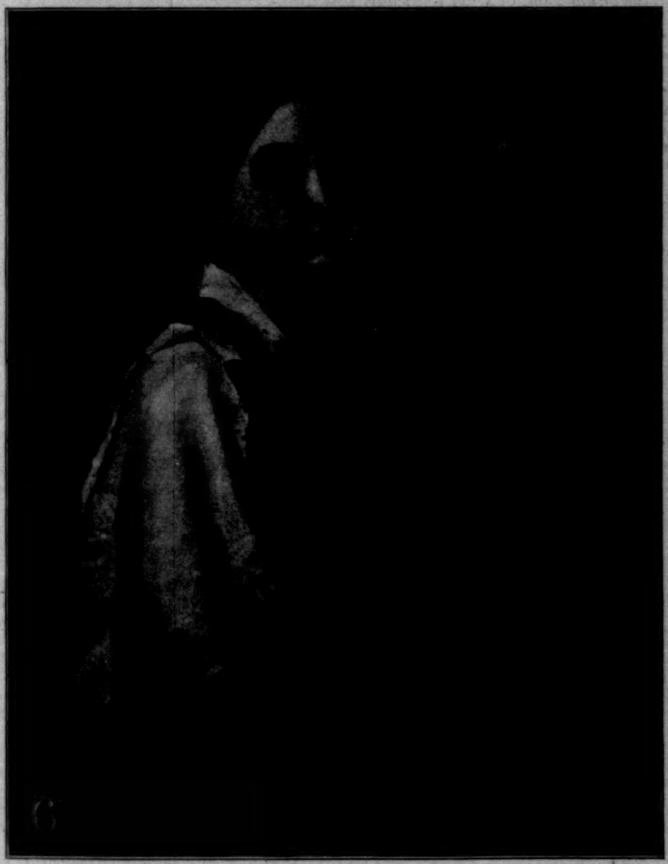
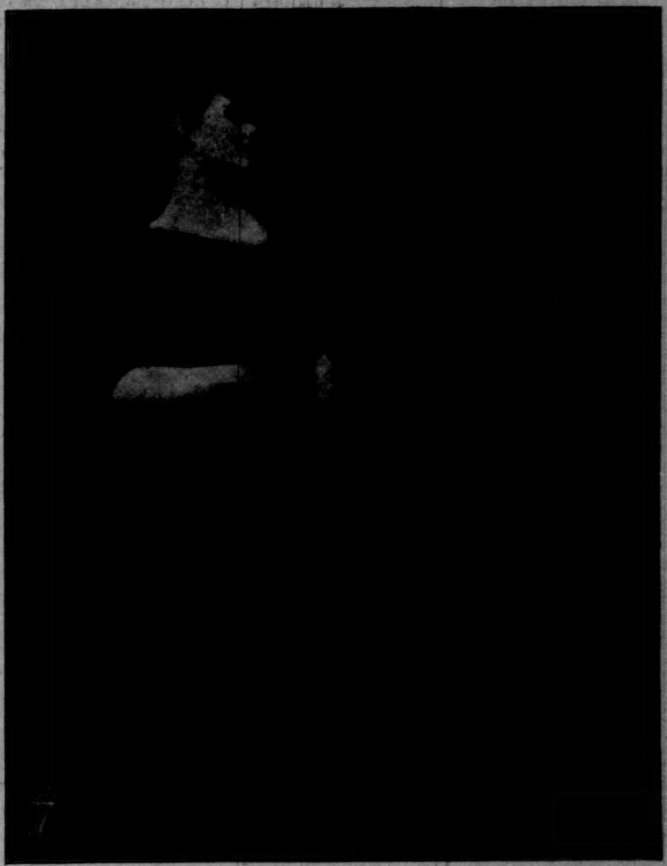
THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

How differently different painters attack the problem of a portrait! Such an exhibition as the present one at the National Academy impresses this on one's attention. There is the simply objective method, the plain statement of fact; the same with an addition of pictorial or decorative treatment; then the admixture of the subjective through a varying scale of schemes of light and color, and manifestations of the personal sentiment of the painter, until we reach a point where the subjective excludes the objective, and the portrait is lost in the picture. And in all one can trace the relation which for the time being existed between the painter and the sitter, varying from the merely business one, through all sorts of shades of sympathy, up to actual antipathy.

Of the last an illustration has been seen by some in John S. Sargent's wonderful portrait of "Mr. Wertheimer," the London picture-dealer. Philistinism, they think, has here been pilloried—the trading in art for money alone. The gentleman is a Jew, with racial peculiarity of features very pronounced. His gaze is keen and concentrated, commercial, if you will, but quite possibly more—subtle, deep, and discriminating. The droop of the shoulders and the extreme sensitiveness felt all through the figure may reveal the habitual pliability of the trader, or, not unreasonably, the receptivity and impressionableness of an artistic temperament—possibly both. Opinions will be divided. Sargent's other examples in this exhibition are less fortunate. The "Portrait of Two Ladies" was painted as long ago as 1885, before the painter had matured his strength in the direction of leaving out as well as of putting in, and though splendid in parts, is as a whole crowded and incoherent. In the "Calvin S. Brice," by the curious introduction of a screen that cuts the background in half, a shrinkage is given to the shoulders which unpleasantly emphasizes the largeness of the head.

As examples of the simply objective method, Carolus Duran's portraits may be cited. They are boldly direct, hard and assertive, and ungracious in color. His pupil Carroll Beckwith shows the influence, but has added a certain exuberance both of drawing and color which



FROM THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

1. Portrait.—A. L. Zorn. 2. Portrait.—John S. Sargent. 3. "Mrs. Henry W. Poor."—G. Boldini. 4. "Dr. Polk."—R. de Madrazo. 5. "Miss Florence Robinson."—J. Carroll Beckwith. 6. "Mona."—William M. Chase. 7. "Mrs. Mowbray."—H. Siddons Mowbray.

makes his portraits in a measure handsomer, though still prosaic. The specimens of Bonnat's work are equally direct, but reveal character both on the part of the painter and of the sitter. His influence also may be traced in a pupil, Alfred Collins. Witness his portraits of Dr. Rainsford and Dr. Draper.

Chartran's "Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay" is an example of the decorative kind. The lady, adorned and surrounded with flowers, is seated on a bench with a classical garden at her back. The whole thing is pretty—fatally so, for the painter has been "intoxicated with his own exuberance," and crowded his canvas as if he had been decorating an arbor. In the direction of mere prettiness, however, Madrazo, as represented here, is the most flagrant offender. These faces of shell-like pink and whiteness, and the glittering toilettes, suggest the decoration of a bonbon-box. Boldini's brilliance is of a less innocuous sort.

It is a relief to turn aside to the honest, deep-intentioned efforts of some of our own painters. There is often more of painterlike quality than human interest about the work of William M. Chase, but this cannot be said of his beautiful portrait of Mrs. George B. Ely, so strong and earnest and dignified; or his tenderly impressive "Mona," or of the splendid burst of color in the picture of "Miss C." Miss Cecilia Beaux's new picture, "Dorothea and Francesca," is scarcely a portrait, but its sober force, and the delicious movement running through the two figures, which, hand in hand, are executing the step of a dance, lift this gifted lady one rung higher. Her "Mother and Son," on the other hand, does not improve upon acquaintance. The perspective of the picture is up hill, and the figures are stiff and isolated. The "Portrait of Cynthia," however, is a lovely bit of childhood. The strength, directness, and withal searching tenderness of Frank W. Benson's method are fairly well represented in his "Portrait of Mrs. P. K." H. Siddons Mowbray's three little portraits—two in a scheme of black and gray, and one in gray and greenish-blue—have the preciousness of gems of an exquisite setting. Gracious and tender, they are dignified notwithstanding their minuteness. It is interesting to compare with these the severer refinement of Kenyon Cox's "Mrs. O.," and T. W. Dewing's "Portrait of a Lady." The latter, with its green-gold background, yellow-upholstered chair, and the dark hair and gray-white dress of the lady, reaches an indescribable perfection of refinement. But the face is in shadow; as a portrait it is only dimly discernible. The feeling is almost entirely spiritual, instead of mingling spirit and flesh, as in Mr. Mowbray's. It is a beautiful expression of its author's sentiment rather than a portrait. In this exhibition, therefore, it is less in place than, for example, J. Alden Weir's "Miss Pierson." Here there is spirituality as well as physical charm, a fair, pure young face, not without sprightliness, painted with a clean and tender brush that reveals the sensitive artist in every stroke.

That prince of impressionists, though he is not numbered with the band, J. McNeill Whistler, is well represented by "The Girl in White"—a face and figure that haunt you, because nothing is intended except the one impression that the painter wished to convey, and that is conveyed with an apparent simplicity that enables you to penetrate to the heart of the thought. Close by are several examples of John W. Alexander. He too is continually experimenting with problems of color and sentiment, the two closely interwoven and always executed with an economy of method. The "Miss V." is beautiful in both respects; the "Mrs. B." more conscious and manneristic; the "James W. Alexander" at once alert, harmonious, and straightforwardly a portrait. Albert Herter is another painter who usually stimulates both the mind and the emotions. His "Mathilde—Baroness de R.," however, who stands sweetly pensive, with a glow from behind of soft golden light creeping round her form, comes near the danger-line of being a beautiful picture rather than a portrait. This is carried to the farthest extent in A. L. Zorn's "Mrs. Potter Palmer," a brilliant canvas, but lacking in repose, and relegating the lady to a subordinate part in a pageant of color.

It can be said with all deliberation that in respect of individuality, execution, and earnestness the best of our American portrait-painters to-day have few rivals and no superiors.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

WASHINGTON.

NOTES ON OPENING OF THE THIRD SESSION OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

WALKING east on Pennsylvania Avenue on the evening of the opening day of the present session of Congress, I saw an express wagon drawn by two horses coming west. It was loaded down with big set pieces. They had formed that day a part of the annual flower show of the Senate. A number of solemn Senators had sat at their desks in the Chamber that day half obscured by baskets of flowers, floral flags and ships, and other devices. They are a standing joke at both ends of the Capitol, these floral contributions, but few of the members of either House have the courage to order them sent to the cloak-room. So they decorate the desks on the first day of the session, until the Senate adjourns, and then the Sergeant-at-Arms carts them away.

Interest in Washington these days is divided among the Senate, the White House, and the State Department. The peace treaty is the most important matter to come before Congress, and when its 600 type-written pages reach Washington they will pass from the hands of Secretary Hay to the White House, and thence by the President's executive clerk with a message to the Senate. There the debate on the treaty will be held in secret session. But most of it will be threshed over in the open Senate. In fact, there has already been debate on the question of our constitutional right to "buy sovereignty," and Senator Vest has made a speech in opposition to the colonial policy to which the administration stands committed. It has not been possible yet to make a party division on the question, but the natural tendency of the Democrats is toward the anti-administration policy, and the Republicans, with a few exceptions, stand by the President, so when the vote is taken the division will follow party lines pretty closely.

The secret session of the Senate serves two purposes: it gives the Senators a chance to relax from the stiffness of the open session, and it protects them in the expression of opinions which they would rather did not go beyond their fellow-members. In the matter of expansion there is no desire for concealment. Every member of the Senate who has positive convictions wants to express them; so, while the treaty will undoubtedly be considered in executive session as a matter of decorum, all the important speeches about it will be made in open Senate. Among the interested listeners to these speeches will be the members of the Corps Diplomatique. They have even now begun to frequent the gallery.

The most interested spectators on the floor of the Senate at this session are the Canadian members of the Joint High Commission. Already they have lain down with the lion from New Hampshire, Senator Chandler, and studied at close range the eccentricities of South Carolina's pitchfork Senator. No doubt they find the proceedings lively compared with the solemn sessions of the Upper House at Ottawa.

At the other end of the Capitol Speaker Reed accepts the inevitable as gracefully as he can. He has had to go through the biennial grind of congratulations on his re-election. He is twice a subject for congratulation in that the election of a Republican House for the Fifty-sixth Congress insures him another term as Speaker. The House will have something to say about the treaty of peace when that $20,000,000 is appropriated for the purchase of the Philippine islands. No one expects the Speaker to get on the administration band-wagon as it goes by; nor is he likely to lie down and let it roll over him. He is more likely to keep a discreet silence on questions affecting the national policy, for there are times when the only language adequate to Mr. Reed's emotions would be impolitic.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

"IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND."*

MR. LANDOR, "by caste, European; British subject; by occupation, artist and traveller"; his home at Empoli, near Florence, Italy, and his residence, London, was satiated with civilization. He desired, without drugs or other portable medical aid, to try the rarefied air of Tibet and the ozone of barbarism. This is not his first trial, either of huts and hovels or of the appalling simplicity of savage life. He has been in that country long called "a forbidden land"—Korea; which now, however, is suffering the pangs of transformation. Even before that, Mr. Landor had travelled and lived among the Ainos of Yezo, in northern Japan, the most primitive of gentle savages, where much patience and insect-powder are indispensable.

Look at this traveller and you will see a slender youth with no bulging brawn or corrugated muscles. Upon his spidery legs and arms and his almost effeminate face, every line of which bespeaks the artist and the man of keen susceptibilities, a heavy-weight pugilist or Japanese wrestler would look with contempt. Yet, as in the case of so many of those British heroes, we note on his face the lines of stern determination, a conquering nose, a resistless chin, and soft liquid eyes, piercing and determined. We have seen many such, wondering how such "baby faces," with rosy cheeks and mild visage, could in any way forecast the heroism which makes history.

Yet from February, 1897, there came a change, as we see in four front and side views of the same face, in four aspects. This apparently pampered son of a luxurious civilization becomes, in October, 1897, a prematurely aged man, with a sad and wrinkled face, bearing the stamp of pain. The features refuse to conceal some awful horror of experiences, that plunged the man from youth to midlife. How the aging and marring came is told in the books before us.

The appearance of this brace of volumes, whether we consider their superb mechanical outfit of paper, print, binding, maps, and illustrations in ink and color, taken by an artist on the spot, or reproduced from photographs, or the triumphs of German color-reproduction, or whether we revel in the delights of a fascinating literary style and rich vocabulary, or whether in the story itself, charming, thrilling, horrifying by turns, must be welcomed as a literary event of great significance.

We confess to an honest prejudice against Mr. Landor, for in his previous books on Korea and the Ainos he seemed to be careless in some of his statements. Indeed, to Englishmen in India, so daring seemed to be his route, and so horrifying his story, that it appeared impossible that he could have survived both fatigue and tortures. When the reports of his adventures reached London, some healthy gales of criticism began to blow in England. Hence Mr. Landor has taken the wise precaution of substantiating his main narrative by gathering into an appendix a sheaf of reports from government officers in India, who were sent to investigate the simple facts, and from the magistrate of the court of Almora District, with the oaths and depositions of his servants, and of the American missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Harkua Wilson, who dressed his wounds and tended him during his sickness, as well as of the nurse who took care of him, and of various other persons who saw him in his awful plight and during convalescence.

Early in 1897 having arranged with the Russian and Turkish legations in London, and sent on his cartridges and ammunition by water, expecting to reach Tibet by way of Russia, he learned that the steamer had stranded just before reaching her port of destination. Furthermore, the Turko-Greek war broke out. So determining to take no more preliminary risks, he abandoned the Russian route, and resolved to go by way of India. He reached Bombay in the midst of intense heat, when the city was devastated by the bubonic plague. From Bombay, by rail, wagon, and on horseback, he arrived at Naini Tal, where he announced to the British officers his purpose to journey into the sacred land of the Lamas. He was fortunate in finding two unconventional persons who proved endlessly faithful. Their names deserve to be known. One was Chanden Sing, and the other was Mansing. It seemed to promise a waste of months in negotiation before he could obtain a military escort of Gourkhas—the little fighting men of the Indian army. Realizing that the passes would then be closed and his enterprise be foredoomed, he "snapped his fingers at all the red tape the job required," and set forward. With condensed provisions prepared by the Bovril Company, and with all proper equipments for a scientific observer of things visible and invisible of earth, heaven, and air, this scientific man and artist, relying more on fresh air and exercise to keep him well than on a medicine-chest and its contents, started upward on his great climb with thirty bearers.

Landor is a keen student of man and nature. Glorious was the view of the Hamahlyas (as he spells the name), with their oceanic depths of color and shadow, and with pinnacles of ice and snow that seemed fitly to adorn this "Roof of the World." This inter-Alpine region of Asia is called Tibet, which is but a corruption, probably, of the local name Bhot, variably spelled Bod, Pote, and Tüpöt. One is mightily impressed with his descriptions of these high places of the earth with their dazzling altitudes, whose glaciers feed rivers and nourish the civilization below. In these regions prayer is done by wind and water power. The noble missionaries of the American Methodist Episcopal Church are working here to rout superstition and lift up the people. Our traveller found pleasant society, helpful suggestions, and, for some of his journeys in southwestern Tibet, a delightful companion in Dr. Wilson.

The picture of the Nerpani road gives one a vivid impression of the awful desolation of rock and sand, the terrors of gorges and steep paths over mighty altitudes, but they also reveal the splendors of color in which an artist revels. It was in the inhabited part of Tibet, but away from the beaten roads, that Mr. Landor travelled. Probably ten million people lived on this plateau. As one reads through the book he finds a vast variety of bases for human habitations—on the rock, on the drift, in colossal valleys, where a village seems but a dot, and on the sheer face of precipices that remind us of our Arizona cliff valleys. Yet only occasionally did one find a house which might suggest wealth or power. Very properly, a good space is devoted to the people called Shokas, with their curious customs, such as the dances in front of the house and around the lay figure of a deceased man, whose clothes are bound on a goat, which is driven out of the village or over a precipice, other tribes profiting by the simplicity and superstition of the Shokas.

Mr. Landor, with his passion for unbeaten tracks, pictures some perilous passageways. In one case, on the perpendicular face of a sheer rock, had been cut holes for hands and feet. With his face to the wall and his back to space, over a gap of forty or fifty feet, he made his way, though it suggests dizziness even to look at the feat. Moving on these elevations, of from thirteen to twenty-two thousand feet above sea-level, he once, from a comparatively low elevation, while standing on the point of the rock, saw a circular rainbow. He beheld himself reflected as a Brocken spectre. On some of the mountain passes were yards or areas of stone pillars, erected by devotees who each put a pebble on the structure. He passed forts on conical hills. He encountered fierce snow-storms, and fiercer men armed with matchlocks resting on long bifurcated frames. While sleeping at night he was sometimes nearly buried in snow. Besides adventures both amusing and dangerous, passing Tibetan guardsmen and thieving Dacoits, he visited the two great lakes of Rakastal and Mansarowar, and proved them to be separate and not united. In this land of Lamasaries and Lamas, "brick tea," broken up, is served as food, after being churned with butter and salt.

Tibetan Buddhism, though of an antique type, is a caricature of the original doctrines, ritual, and order. An amazing number of stones is to be seen in walls, foundations, the ruins of deserted cities, inscribed with Sanskrit writing, especially with the mystic words "Omne manu padme hun." Indeed, one is not long in noticing that here is the home-land of that "Northern Buddhism" which, from India, early took on its peculiar form in Tibet, and thence travelled to China, Korea, and Japan. Many of the popular superstitions farther East—for example, the explanation of earthquakes by a subterranean monster who is disquieted and flopping about—are also the same.

Mr. Landor's purpose had been to reach the inaccessible city of Lassa, the headquarters of his Mysteriousness the Dai Lama, who is about the last survivor of a once lively mob of divinity-hedged mortals who posed as incarnations of Deity, Sons of Heaven, etc., to whom the Chinese Emperor and the Japanese Mikado and Great Mogul were brothers, and the Czar and German Emperor are distant relations. He did not reach Lassa, but he did achieve notable geographical results, and his lively book will be valued both by general readers and special students. The treachery and cruelty of the Tibetans defeated our author's purpose. His Shoka bearers, having left him, informed the Lamas of his purpose (so sacrilegious in their eyes), and, being prepared, laid an ambuscade for him. In crossing the river Neo Tsambo, one of his yaks sunk with all its load of provisions, clothes, shoes, money, etc., so Mr. Landor reached Tuxem in a state of raggedness and starvation. Having little money left, he went out to buy provision and ponies. Walking among the villagers unarmed, supposing them to be friendly, he was suddenly seized, knocked down, and overcome, bound hand and foot. At the signal of a shrill whistle, four hundred armed soldiers appeared and hustled him before the Lamas. After brutal treatment he was handcuffed and made to ride on a saddle on the back of which four or five sharp iron spikes projected which pierced and lacerated his back. He was fired at, but the murderer missed his aim. In the torture-room his feet were stretched apart on a sharp-edged mass of wood, to which he was tied, his weight resting thus painfully upon it. A bar of red-hot iron was held close to his eyes until his nose was scorched and his eyeballs almost burst. Another twenty-four hours of horrible pain, in a cramped and suspended position, formed but the prelude to further intended torture.

How he escaped, and how, through the good offices of the missionary and the government officer, who were already anxious about the traveller, he finally got back, after many exciting adventures, to the Methodist hospital, where he recovered, and reached India and home, is told in the last half of the second volume. Mr. Landor is no mere tourist. He has solved the uncertainty regarding the division of the two great Tibetan lakes, ascended an altitude of 22,000 feet, pictured the great Hamahlyan glaciers, and visited and has fixed the position of the two principal sources of the Brahmaputra, never before reached by a European.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS.

* *In the Forbidden Land.* By A. Henry Savage Landor. Two vols., 8vo., illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The *Yale* and the *Harvard* have gone back to the paths of peace, which they follow again as the *Paris* and the *New York*, but the blockade-scarred *Princeton* is still in the navy, and expects to stay there. As every Princeton man and many other persons know, she is a composite gunboat, barkentine rigged, and carries thirteen guns. On December 10 about 300 Princeton men boarded her in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, to celebrate the addition to her equipment of one silver punch-bowl, mostly tiger, one ship's bell with a Princeton clapper, and a ship's library of about 600 volumes. The Princeton Club of Philadelphia gave the bowl, the Princeton Club of New York the bell and library. Commander Clifford H. West accepted them in behalf of the gunboat and her owners and crew with eloquent and appropriate remarks. He recalled the history of the former United States ship of the same name, and her associations with Commodore Stockton, to whom chiefly is due the abolition of flogging in the American navy. President Patton was there, and Admiral Bunce. It was the greatest Princeton day Long Island ever saw.

Another interesting presentation of recent occurrence was the gift of a loving-cup, by the Commercial Club of St. Paul, Minnesota, to Captain Sigsbee, late commander of the liner *St. Paul* during her term of service as an auxiliary cruiser of the United States navy. In his letter of acknowledgment Captain Sigsbee remarks that the loving-cup sent him is identical in design with that which went down on the *Maine* in Havana Harbor. It was a mere coincidence, but a fortunate one, that this should have been so. By way of a souvenir of the cruiser *St. Paul's* term in the navy, Captain Sigsbee sent the Commercial Club the ship's Bible, which had been inadvertently packed among his things when he left the ship, and later had been given to him by the president of the International Navigation Company.

Boston is arranging for a show of pictures by John S. Sargent, to be held under the auspices of the Boston Art Students' Association, in Copley Hall on Clarendon Street, for three weeks, beginning February 20. The exhibition promises to be exceedingly interesting. The committee of fifteen which has it in charge includes Professor Norton, Mr. Wadsworth Longfellow, Mrs. Henry Whitman, and divers other well-known and accomplished persons. They have arranged to borrow many of the best paintings by Mr. Sargent that are in London, including everything in the artist's studio that is of interest. Among pictures already promised them are the portraits of Mr. Wertheimer, the English Jew, which is now in the Academy loan exhibition; of Mrs. Wertheimer; of Senator Calvin S. Brice; of Mrs. Carl Meyer, of London, and her two children; and others. The prospect is that the exhibition will be the best show of Mr. Sargent's work ever given. The artist himself is said to take a very lively interest in it, especially because his most important work is already in Boston, in the Public Library.

Mr. Brigham H. Roberts, Congressman-elect from Utah, has three wives, and a good many persons seem to think that he ought not to be sworn in as a member of Congress. Mr. Dingley of Maine is reported to be scandalized at the idea of sitting in the same House with a polygamist, and to believe that Mr. Roberts ought not to be admitted. The Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church is of the same opinion, and is getting ready to take action. The Episcopal clergymen of Trenton, New Jersey, have written to their Congressman about the case, and other bodies will doubtless be heard from. It would seem to be trouble enough for one man to have three living wives, without losing his seat in Congress, but these vigilant censors don't take that view of it.

Mr. Roberts's explanation of his predicament is that he married all his wives while polygamy was still fashionable in Utah, and that he has never felt at liberty to divest himself of his domestic responsibilities. One must sympathize with that sentiment, however inexpedient it may seem for a man ever to have got himself so much entangled.

It seems not as yet to have been suggested that an American citizen cannot now have more than one living wife, and that in the eyes of the law in Washington Mr. Roberts's second and third encumbrances are not wives at all. Nominally he may be a trigamist, but actually trigamy is not recognized by law as a feasible condition. If he attempts as a Congressman to have three wives in Washington, and to take more than one of them to a White House reception, his case will fall naturally and easily to the care of the District police force. If, however, he is content to leave his families in Utah, it seems as if Congress might get along with him.

We have had a new war, and have seen peace follow it, but no one has yet seen a soldiers' and sailors' monument in New York. There are plans for one, made by Messrs. C. W. & A. A. Stoughton, which have been duly accepted, after a competition. The site, too, has been agreed upon, in the Riverside Park at Eighty-third Street, but as yet the monument does not rise.

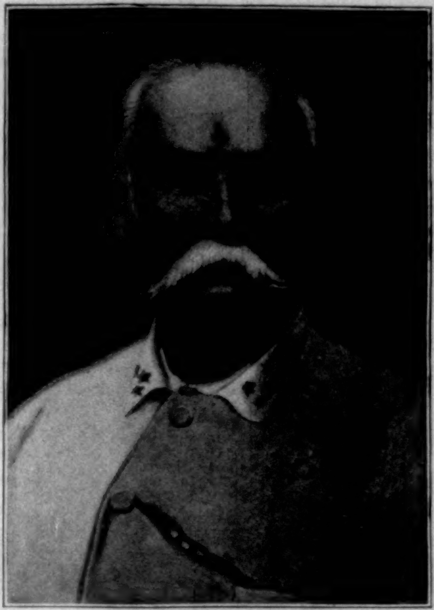
The Columbia University Committee of Employment for Students finds more students who need employment than employments which need students. Last year the committee put the young men with whom it concerned itself in the way of earning about $2500. It wants to do better this year. It has registered students for hire, who can spare a few hours daily, "for almost any line of work requiring special aptitude, intelligence, and reliability." If you want private tutors, translators who know the European and Asiatic languages, teachers for evening schools, stenographers, type-writers, draughtsmen, lecturers for schools, or ushers for entertainments, send to Columbia's Committee of Employment and have your order filled.

Another thing that is wanted for Columbia students is dormitories. The trustees have decided that they will have them, and plans have been drawn by McKim, Mead, & White for four five-story buildings to skirt the green at 120th Street, and form three sides of a quadrangle. Two of these buildings are to cost $164,000 each, and two about $210,000 each. As soon as the money is subscribed work on them will begin.

Destiny, as we all know, is a sarcastic creature, and it happens often that folks die just when it seems to observers that they have got ready to live. It was certainly so with General Calixto Garcia, who died of pneumonia, in Washington, on December 11. It is only a few weeks since he came from Cuba at the head of the special Cuban commission which was empowered to communicate the views of the Cuban leaders to our government.

General Garcia was fifty-eight years old, and for more than half his life his chief concern had been the overthrow of Spanish rule in Cuba. He was born in Holguin, Cuba, in 1840, and was one of the instigators of the Cuban rebellion of 1868. For five years he was active and successful in fights and forays against the Spaniards, but in September, 1873, he was surprised with twenty men by 500 Spaniards. Seeing that there was no chance to get away, and unwilling to be captured alive, he put the muzzle of his pistol in his mouth and pulled the trigger. The ball, instead of going through his brain, came out of his forehead between his eyes, and he recovered. He was sent to Spain and held a prisoner until the peace of Zanjon was signed, in 1877. Then he went to Paris, and thence to New York and back to Cuba, and presently took part with Maceo in what was called "the little war," which followed the peace of Zanjon. Captured again, his life was spared, and he was sent back to Spain, where he lived for seventeen years under police supervision at Madrid. There he supported his family, which grew to be large, by teaching.

When the last revolution broke out, in 1894, he grew restless again, and finally slipped away from Madrid and reached New York in November, 1895. He commanded the Hawkins filibustering expedition which came to grief, but after two more unsuccessful attempts reached Cuba in March, 1896. His record as a Cuban leader after that is matter of general knowledge. His co-operation with the American forces in the capture of Santiago fairly brought him in at the death of the Spanish rule that he had fought so long.



GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA.
Born, 1840. Died, December 11, 1898.

Of the three Cuban generals of greatest note in the last revolution only Gomez now survives.

The *Independent*, fifty years old, has issued (December 8) an anniversary number full of reminiscence and history. One feature of it is its poems by Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Mrs. Browning, Alice Cary, and others, gathered from its own files, as well as new ones by Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Bliss Carman. Dr. Storrs tells of the paper's early years, Dr. William Hayes Ward reviews its half-century of activity, and Dr. Theodore Cuyler tells of the thirty-eight years during which he has had personal relations with it as contributor.

The *Independent* has had a hand in the making of a vast deal of important history. It has been written and read by thinking people, and while its form has changed repeatedly, its quality seems to be continuous. So may it ever be, and its readers also.

There has been some sort of a hitch between Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, and the Chicago Board of Education. Precisely what the difference was has not been made clear, but the gist of the difficulty seems to have been that Dr. Andrews's authority was curtailed, appointments were made over his head, and he was unable to carry out what seemed to him his reasonable ideas and purposes. It was rumored that finally he sent in his resignation, and that that led to a thorough discussion of existing conditions and of the relations between the superintendent and the board, with the result of a better understanding and Dr. Andrews's continuance in office on terms agreeable to him.

Dr. Andrews has been quoted as saying that much of the trouble sprang from a belief prevalent in the board that he was the exponent of the educational ideas of President Harper of the Chicago University. Dr. Harper's ideas appear to be offensive to the board, and Dr. Andrews appears to have relieved the board's mind considerably by the assurance that while he and Dr. Harper were friends, their opinions were not in accord on all subjects.

The Supreme Court in Tennessee declares that the law passed by the Tennessee Legislature prohibiting the sale of cigarettes in that State is constitutional, because cigarettes are not legitimate articles of commerce. In Chicago the City Council voted, the other day, to increase the cost of licenses to sell cigarettes from $100 to $500. In these actions, however they may result, there is evidence of a deep-seated suspicion that cigarettes are unwholesome. Persons in whose minds this suspicion has grown to such troublesome proportions that they have come to believe that the cigarette habit threatens to undermine American manhood, may find some comfort in the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who has reasons for believing that during the last fiscal year the consumption of cigarettes diminished 382,587,200. The significance of this report is impaired, however, by the fact—which every one must recall—that the Rough Riders and others of our soldiery ran entirely out of cigarettes at Santiago, and with the best will in the world to bring the average consumption up to normal, were unable to procure the means to do it.

During the same fiscal year there was an apparent increase in the consumption of cigars of about 325,000,000, so it does not do to argue, from the slight relapse in cigarettes, that tobacco is going out of fashion.

The most popular military man in the world among the hack writers, authors, newspaper men, and workers at literature and the affiliated trades is General Kitchener, of whom it is told, that being asked to write a book, he replied, "No, thank you; I shall remain a soldier." In old times making history and writing it were usually separate jobs. Nowadays it is different. The sword and the pen are mighty by turns in the same hand, and what soldiers lose by the discouragement of the good old practice of sack, they win by gleanings in the field of literature. Relief for the professional men of letters is not easily devised. A literary trust would have to be too hospitable to be of value for commercial purposes. A license system might be tried, as with ministers, but that too would fail for lack of a reasonable basis for exclusion. Hope is chiefly sustained in the literary bosom by anticipation that the late wars will presently be as fully expounded as the fickle mind of the public can endure, and that then, when there is nothing in particular to say about anything, the business of saying it will revert to experienced hands.

British justice seems not to differ materially from American justice in its treatment of Christian Science. The healers whose ministrations failed in the case of Harold Frederic have encountered British law, and nothing seems to have come of it. After having been examined, arraigned, remanded, and re-remanded, they have been discharged, subject, however, to further legal attentions if it should seem expedient.

This is about the usual course on this side of the water. An exception is the case of Harriet Evans, of Cincinnati, who is reported to have been convicted on December 8, by a jury, of practising medicine unlawfully. She was fined $100. The story, as the newspapers tell it, is that Thomas McDowell had typhoid fever, and called in a doctor, who had him in charge when Miss Evans came in and "treated" the patient. The doctor then gave up the case, and Miss Evans took it. McDowell's wife approved, but his daughter objected, and resented Miss Evans giving her father plums to eat. McDowell died. The usual difference of opinion obtains as to the cause of his decease, the rabble declaring that he had too much Christian Science, the Scientists protesting that he didn't have enough.

There appeared in the WEEKLY for December 10 a meritorious poem by Mr. John K. Bangs, wherein he had fun with "Sir J. D. Edgar, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons," on the strength of the suggestion, attributed by a daily paper to that gentleman, that England should cede the island of Jamaica to Uncle Sam in exchange for one of the Eastern States.

Mr. Edgar (it would not be polite to call him "Sir J.," and he has not divulged his Christian name) writes to the WEEKLY to say that he does not object to Mr. Bangs's chaff, but that Mr. Bangs has trusted too implicitly to the daily paper. He explains that his suggestion to swap Jamaica for New Hampshire was not offered in entire seriousness, but was a counter-suggestion to the proposal of Senator Chandler, made in a current magazine, to swap the Philippines for Canada. One suggestion he thinks not more absurd than the other, since Great Britain could no more swap off Canada than the United States could swap off New Hampshire. He adds:

> If it strikes an American as absolutely incongruous and absurd for any one to suggest the swapping of one of the States for Jamaica, with its black population, it must be seen that it would be more conducive to good feeling all round if a statesman so prominent as Senator Chandler would realize that his suggestion about the Philippines and Canada might do harm all round if it were to be taken seriously.

That is very true, but, happily, Senator Chandler's suggestion is not likely to be taken seriously on either side of the border. It is part of a policy of pin pricks, which some American statesmen and American newspapers affect, to talk periodically of gobbling up Canada the first good chance. It is not a useful policy, though we are warranted in hoping that it is practically harmless.

Columns of discourse from many sources have been published of late about "the negro problem," but no one has spoken with more authority and wisdom about it than Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee. He says that while in a few places there is trouble, in ten thousand places in the South white men and black are living together in peace and contentment. He does not tell the colored men to fight for their rights, but he bids them not to be discouraged. "A white man," he says, "respects a negro who owns a two-story house." He thinks material and industrial improvement must precede the other kinds of betterment among the colored people. It is hard, he says, to make a good Christian or a good citizen of a hungry man, but he believes that the Southern negroes need not go hungry if they can learn how to work; and to teach them that, among other things, is the business of his admirably useful life.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS—SCENES IN WASHINGTON AT THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

THE FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS—SCENES IN WASHINGTON AT THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

XXIX.

MR. LONGDON mechanically obeyed the Duchess, though it happened to lend him the air of taking Mrs. Brook's approach for a signal to resume his seat. She came over to them, Vanderbank followed, and it was without again moving, with a vague upward gape, in fact, from his place, that her old friend received, as she stood before him, a challenge that flashed a point into what the Duchess had just said. "Why do you hate me so?"

Vanderbank, who, beside Mrs. Brook, looked at him with attention, might have suspected him of turning a trifle pale; though even Vanderbank, with reasons of his own for an observation of the sharpest, could scarce have read into the matter the particular dim vision that would have accounted for it—the flicker of fear of what Mrs. Brook, between the other parent and the other child, was at last so strangely and differently to show herself.

"I should warn you, sir," the young man threw off, "that we don't consider that—in Buckingham Crescent certainly—a fair question. It isn't playing the game—it's hitting below the belt. We hate and we love—the latter especially—but to tell each other why is to break that little tacit rule of finding out for ourselves which is the delight of our lives and the source of our triumphs. You can say, you know, if you like, but you're not obliged."

Mr. Longdon transferred to him something of the same colder apprehension, looking at him, manifestly, harder than ever before, and finding in his eyes also, no doubt, a consciousness more charged. He presently got up, but, without answering Vanderbank, fixed again Mrs. Brook, to whom he echoed without expression: "Hate you?"

The next moment, while he remained in presence with Vanderbank, Mrs. Brook was pointing out her meaning to him from the cushioned corner he had quitted. "Why, when you come back to town, you come straight, as it were, here."

"Ah, what's that," the Duchess asked in his interest, "but to follow Nanda as closely as possible, or at any rate to keep well with her?"

Mrs. Brook, however, had no ear for this plea. "And when I, coming here too, and thinking only of my chance to 'meet' you, do my very sweetest to catch your eye, you're entirely given up—"

"To trying of course," the Duchess broke in afresh, "to keep well with *me!*"

Mrs. Brook now had a smile for her. "Ah, that takes precautions then that *I* shall perhaps fail of if I too much interrupt your conversation."

"Isn't she nice to me," the Duchess asked of Mr. Longdon, "when I was in the very act of praising her to the skies?"

Their interlocutor's reply was not too rapid to anticipate Mrs. Brook herself. "My dear Jane, that only proves that he had reached some extravagance in the other sense that you had in mere decency to match. The truth is probably in the 'mean'—isn't that what they call it?—between you. Don't *you* now take him away," she went on to Vanderbank, who had glanced about for some better accommodation.

He immediately pushed forward the nearest chair, which happened to be by the Duchess's side of the sofa. "Will you sit here, sir?"

"If you'll stay here to protect me."

"That was really what I brought him over to you for," Mrs. Brook said while Mr. Longdon took his place and Vanderbank looked out for another seat. "But I didn't know," she observed with her sweet, free curiosity, "that he called you 'sir.'" She often made discoveries that were fairly childlike. "He has done it twice."

"Isn't that only your inevitable English surprise," the Duchess demanded, "at the civility quite the commonest in other societies?—so that one has to come here to find it regarded, in the way of ceremony, as the very end of the world!"

"Oh," Mr. Longdon remarked, "it's a word I rather like, myself, even to employ to others."

"I always ask here," the Duchess continued to him, "what word they've got instead. And do you know what they tell me?"

Mrs. Brook wondered, then again, before he was ready, charmingly suggested, "Our pretty manner?" Quickly too she appealed to Mr. Longdon. "Is *that* what you miss from me?"

He wondered, however, more than Mrs. Brook. "Your 'pretty manner'?"

"Well, these grand old forms that the Duchess is such a mistress of." Mrs. Brook had with this one of her eagerest visions. "Did mamma say 'sir' to you? Ought *I?* Do you really get it, in private, out of Nanda? *She* has such depths of discretion," she explained to the Duchess and to Vanderbank, who had come back with his chair, "that it's just the kind of illustrative anecdote she never in the world gives me."

Mr. Longdon looked across at Van, placed now, after a moment's talk with Tishy in sight of them all, by Mrs. Brook's arm of the sofa. "You haven't protected—you've only exposed me."

"Oh, there's no joy without danger—" Mrs. Brook took it up with spirit. "Perhaps one should even say there's no danger without joy."

Vanderbank's eyes had followed Mrs. Grendon after his brief passage with her, terminated by some need of her listless presence on the other side of the room. "What do you say then, on that theory, to the extraordinary gloom of our hostess? Her safety, by such a rule, must be deep."

The Duchess was this time the first to know what they said. "The expression of Tishy's face comes, precisely, from our comparing it so unfavorably with that of her poor sister Carrie, who, though she isn't here to-night with the Cashmores—amazing enough even as coming *without* that!—has so often shown us that an *âme en peine*, constantly tottering, but, as Nanda gurantees us, usually recovering, may look, after all, as beatific as a Dutch doll."

Mrs. Brook's eyes had, on Tishy's passing away, taken the same course as Vanderbank's, whom she had visibly not neglected, moreover, while the pair stood there. "I give you Carrie, as you know, and I throw Mr. Cashmore in; but I'm lost in admiration to-night, as I always have been, at the way Tishy makes her ugliness serve. I should call it, if the word weren't so for ladies'-maids, the most 'elegant' thing I know."

"My dear child," the Duchess objected, "what you describe as making her ugliness serve is what I should describe as concealing none of her beauty. There's nothing the matter surely with 'elegant,' as applied to Tishy, save that, as commonly used, it refers rather to a charm that's artificial than to a state of pure nature. There should be for elegance a basis of clothing. Nanda rather stints her."

Mrs. Brook, perhaps more than usually thoughtful, just discriminated. "There *is*, I think, one little place. I'll speak to her."

"To Tishy?" Vanderbank asked.

"Oh, *that* would do no good. To Nanda. All the same," she continued, "it's an awfully superficial thing of you not to see that her dreariness—on which, moreover, I've set you right before—is a mere facial accident, and doesn't correspond or, as they say, 'rhyme' to anything within her that might make it a little interesting. What I like it for is just that it's so funny in itself. Her low spirits are nothing more than her features. Her gloom, as you call it, is merely her broken nose."

"*Has* she a broken nose?" Mr. Longdon demanded with an accent that for some reason touched in the others the spring of laughter.

"Has Nanda never mentioned it?" Mrs. Brook inquired with this gayety.

"That's the discretion you just spoke of," said the Duchess. "Only I should have expected from the cause you refer to rather the comic effect."

"Mrs. Grendon's broken nose, sir," Vanderbank explained to Mr. Longdon, "is only the kinder way taken by these ladies to speak of Mrs. Grendon's broken heart. You must know all about that."

"Oh yes—*all*." Mr. Longdon spoke very simply, with the consequence this time, on the part of his companions, of a silence of some minutes, which he himself had at last to break. "Mr. Grendon doesn't like her." The addition of these words apparently made the difference—as if they constituted a fresh link with the irresistible comedy of things. That he was unexpectedly diverting was, however, no check to Mr. Longdon's delivering his full thought. "Very horrid of two sisters to be both, in their marriages, so wretched."

"Ah, but Tishy, I maintain," Mrs. Brook returned, "*isn't* wretched at all. If I were satisfied that she's really so I would never let Nanda come to her."

"That's the most extraordinary doctrine, love," the Duchess interposed. "When you're satisfied a woman's 'really' poor, you never give her a crust?"

"Do you call Nanda a crust, Duchess?" Vanderbank amusedly asked.

"She's all, at any rate, apparently, just now, that poor Tishy has to live on."

"You're severe then," the young man said, "on our dinner of to-night."

"Oh, Jane," Mrs. Brook declared, "is never severe: she's only uncontrollably witty. It's only Tishy, moreover, who gives out that her husband doesn't like her. *He*, poor man, doesn't say anything of the sort."

"Yes, but after all, you know"—Vanderbank just put it to her—"where the deuce, all the while, *is* he?"

"Heaven forbid," the Duchess remarked, "that we should too indiscreetly inquire."

"There it is—exactly," Mr. Longdon subjoined.

He had once more his success of hilarity, though not indeed to the injury of the Duchess's next word. "It's Nanda, you know, who speaks, and loud enough, for Harry Grendon's dislikes."

"That's easy for her," Mrs. Brook declared, "when she herself isn't one of them."

"She isn't surely one of anybody's," Mr. Longdon gravely observed.

Mrs. Brook gazed across at him. "You *are* too dear! But I've none the less a crow to pick with you."

Mr. Longdon returned her look, but returned it somehow to Van. "You frighten me, you know, out of my wits."

"*I* do?" said Vanderbank.

Mr. Longdon just hesitated. "Yes."

"It must be the sacred awe," Mrs. Brook suggested to Van, "that Mitchy so often speaks of. *I'm* not trying with you," she went on to Mr. Longdon, "for anything of that kind, but only for the short half-hour, in private, that I think you won't for the world grant me. Nothing will induce you to find yourself alone with me."

"Why, what on earth," Vanderbank asked, "do you suspect him of supposing you want to do?"

"Oh, it isn't *that*," Mrs. Brook sadly said.

"It isn't what?" laughed the Duchess.

"That he fears I may want in any way to—what do you call it?—make up to him." She spoke as if she only wished it had been. "He has a deeper thought."

"Well then, what in goodness *is* it?"

Mr. Longdon had said nothing more, but Mrs. Brook preferred none the less to treat the question as between themselves. She *was*, as the others said, wonderful. "You can't help thinking me"—she spoke to him straight—"rather tortuous." The pause she thus momentarily produced was so intense as to give a sharpness that was almost vulgar to the little "Oh!" by which it was presently broken and the source of which neither of her three companions could afterwards in the least have named. Neither would have endeavored to fix an indecency of which each, doubtless, had been but too capable. "It's only as a mother," she added, "that I want my chance."

But the Duchess, at this, was again in the brea
"Take it, for mercy's sake then, my dear, over Haro
who's an example to Nanda herself in the way t
behind the piano there, he's keeping it up with La
Fanny."

If this had been a herring that, in the interest of pea
the Duchess had wished to draw across the scent, it co
scarce have been more effective. Mrs. Brook, whose
sition had made just the difference that she lost the vi
of the other side of the piano, took a slight but immedi
stretch. "*Is* Harold with Lady Fanny?"

"You ask it, my dear child," said the Duchess, "as
it were too grand to be believed. It's the note of eag
ness," she went on for Mr. Longdon's benefit—"it's alm
the note of hope: one of those that *ces messieurs*, that
all, in fact, delight in and find so matchless. She
sires for Harold the highest advantages."

"Well then," declared Vanderbank, who had achiev
a glimpse, "he's clearly having them. It brings home
one his success."

"His success is true," Mrs. Brook insisted. "How
does it I don't know."

"Oh *don't* you!" trumpeted the Duchess.

"He's amazing," Mrs. Brook pursued. "I watch-
hold my breath. But I'm bound to say also I rather
mire. He somehow amuses them."

"She's as pleased as Punch," said the Duchess.

"Those great calm women—they like slighter cr
tures."

"The great calm whales," the Duchess laughed, "sw
low the little fishes."

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Brook returned, "Harold can
tasted, if you like—"

"If *I* like?" the Duchess parenthetically jeer
"Thank you, love!"

"But he can't, I think, be eaten. It all works on
Mrs. Brook expounded, "to the highest end. If La
Fanny's amused she'll be quiet."

"Bless me," cried the Duchess, "of all the immo
speeches—! I put it to you, Longdon. Does she mean"
she appealed to their friend—"that if she comm
murder, she won't commit anything else?"

"Oh, it won't be murder," said Mrs. Brook. "I me
that if Harold, in one way and another, keeps her alo
she won't get off."

"Off where?" Mr. Longdon inquired.

Vanderbank immediately informed him. "To one
the smaller Italian towns. Don't you know?"

"Oh yes. Like—who is it? I forget."

"Anna Karénine? You know about Anna?"

"Nanda," said the Duchess, "has told him. But
thought," she went on to Mrs. Brook, "that La
Fanny, by this time, *must* have gone."

"Petherton, then," Mrs. Brook returned, "doesn't ke
you *au courant?*"

The Duchess blandly wondered. "I seemed to
member he had positively said so. And that she h
come back."

"Because this looks so like a fresh start? No.
know. You assume, besides," Mrs. Brook asked, "t
Mr. Cashmore would have received her again?"

The Duchess fixed a little that gentleman and his act
companion. "What will you have? He mightn't ha
noticed."

"Oh, you're out of step, Duchess," Vanderbank sa
"We used all to march abreast, but we're falling
pieces. It's all, saving your presence, Mitchy's m
riage."

"Ah," Mrs. Brook concurred, "how thoroughly I f
that! Oh, I knew. The spell's broken; the harp
lost a string. We're not the same thing. *He's* not
same thing."

"Frankly, my dear," the Duchess answered, "I do
think that you personally are either."

"Oh, as for that—which is what matters least—
shall perhaps see." With which Mrs. Brook turn
again to Mr. Longdon. "I haven't explained to y
what I meant just now. We want Nanda."

Mr. Longdon stared. "At home again?"

"In her little old nook. You must give her back."

"Do you mean altogether?"

"Ah, that will be for you, in a manner, to arran
But you've had her practically these five months, a
with no desire to be unreasonable, we yet have our natu
feelings."

This interchange, to which circumstances somehow g
a high effect of suddenness and strangeness, was listen
to by the others in a quick silence that was like the se
of a blast of cold air, though with the difference, betw
the spectators, that Vanderbank attached his eyes hard
Mrs. Brook and that the Duchess looked as straight
Mr. Longdon, to whom, clearly, she wished to conv
that if he had wondered a short time before how M
Brook would do it he must now be quite at his ease.
indulged in fact, after this lady's last words, in a pa
that might have signified some of the fulness of a n
light. He only said very quietly: "I thought you liked i

At this his neighbor broke in. "The care you take
the child? They *do!*" The Duchess, as she spoke,
came aware of the nearer presence of Edward Brook
ham, who, within a minute, had come in from the ot
room; and the determination of her character leaped fo
in her quick signal to him. "Edward will tell yo
He was already before their semicircle. "*Do* you, dea
she appealed, "want Nanda back from Mr. Longdo

Edward plainly could be trusted to feel in his qu
way that the oracle must be a match for the priest
"'Want' her, Jane? We wouldn't *take* her." As if kno
ing quite what he was about, he looked at his wife o
after he had spoken.

XXX.

Brookenham's reply had great success, to which th
could scarce have afterwards been a positive denial t
some sound of amusement even from Mr. Longdon h

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

self had in its degree contributed. Certain it was that Mrs. Brook found, as she exclaimed that her husband was always so awfully civil, just the right note of resigned understanding; whereupon he for a minute presented to them blankly enough his fine dead face. "'Civil' is just what I was afraid I wasn't. I mean, you know," he continued to Longdon, "that you really mustn't look to us to let you off—"

"From a week or a day"—Mr. Longdon took him up—"of the time to which you consider I've pledged myself? My dear sir, please don't imagine it's for *me* the Duchess appeals."

"It's from your wife, you delicious dull man," that lady elucidated. "If you wished to be stiff with our friend here you've really been so with *her;* which comes, no doubt, from the absence between you of proper preconcerted action. You spoke without your cue."

"Oh!" said Edward Brookenham.

"That's it, Jane"—Mrs. Brook continued to take it beautifully. "We dressed to-day in a hurry and hadn't time for our usual rehearsal. Edward, when we dine out, generally brings three pocket-handkerchiefs and six jokes. I leave the management of the handkerchiefs to his own taste, but we mostly try together, in advance, to arrange a career for the other things. It's some light thing of my own that's supposed to give him the sign."

"Only sometimes he confounds"—Vanderbank helped her out—"your light and your heavy!" He had got up to make room for his host of so many occasions and, having forced him into the empty chair, now moved vaguely off to the quarter of the room occupied by Nanda and Mr. Cashmore.

"That's very well," the Duchess resumed, "but it doesn't at all clear you, *cara mia,* of the misdemeanor of setting up as a felt domestic need something of which Edward proves deeply unconscious. He has put his finger on Nanda's true interest. He doesn't care a bit how it would *look* for you to want her."

"Don't you mean rather, Jane, how it looks for us *not* to want her?" Mrs. Brook inquired with a detachment now complete. "Of course, dear old friend," she continued to Mr. Longdon, "she quite puts me with my back to the wall when she helps you to see—what you otherwise mightn't guess—that Edward and I work it out between us to show off as tender parents and yet to get from you everything you'll give. I do the sentimental and he the practical; so that we, in one way and another, deck ourselves in the glory of our sacrifice without forfeiting the 'keep' of our daughter. This must appeal to you as another charming illustration of what London manners have come to; unless indeed," Mrs. Brook prattled on, "it only strikes you still more—and to a degree that blinds you to its other possible bearings—as the last proof that I'm too tortuous for you to know what I'd be at!"

Mr. Longdon faced her, across his interval, with his original terror represented now only by such a lingering flush as might have formed a natural tribute to a brilliant scene. "I haven't the glimmering of an idea of what you'd be at. But please understand," he added, "that I don't at all refuse you the private half-hour you referred to a while since."

"Are you really willing to put the child up for the rest of the year?" Edward placidly demanded, speaking as if quite unaware that anything else had been said.

His wife fixed her eyes on him. "The ingenuity of your companions, love, plays in the air like the lightning, but flashes round your head only, by good fortune, to leave it unscathed. Still, you have, after all, your own strange wit, and I'm not sure that any of ours ever compares with it. Only, confronted also with ours, how can poor Mr. Longdon really choose which of the two he'll meet?"

Poor Mr. Longdon now looked hard at Edward. "Oh, Mr. Brookenham's, I feel, any day. It's even with *you,* I confess," he said to him, "that I'd rather have that private half-hour."

"Done!" Mrs. Brook declared. "I'll send him to you. But we *have,* you know, as Van says, gone to pieces," she went on, twisting her pretty head and tossing it back over her shoulder to an auditor of whose approach to her from behind, though it was impossible she should have seen him, she had visibly, within a minute, become aware. "It's your marriage, Mitchy, that has darkened our old, bright air, changed us more than we even yet know, and most grossly and horribly, my dear man, changed *you.* You steal up in a way that gives one the creeps, whereas in the good time that's gone you always burst in with music and song. Go round where I can see you: I mayn't love you now, but at least, I suppose, I may look at you. Direct your energies," she pursued while Mitchy obeyed her, "as much as possible, please, against our uncanny chill. Pile on the fire and close up the ranks; this *was* our best hour, you know—and all the more that Tishy, I see, is getting rid of her superfluities. Here comes back old Van," she wound up, "vanquished, I judge, in the attempt to divert Nanda from her prey. Won't Nanda sit with poor *us?*" she asked of Vanderbank, who now, meeting Mitchy in range of the others, remained standing with him and as at her commands.

"I didn't of course ask her," the young man replied.

"Then what did you do?"

"I only took a little walk."

Mrs. Brook, on this, was woful at Mitchy. "See then what we've come to. When did we ever 'walk' in *your* time save as a distinct part of the effect of our good things? Please return to Nanda," she said to Vanderbank, "and tell her I particularly wish her to come in for this delightful evening's end."

"She's joining us of herself now," said the Duchess, "and so is Mr. Cashmore, and so is Tishy—*voyez!*—who has kept on—bless her little bare back!—no one she oughtn't to keep. As nobody else will now arrive, it would be quite cozy if she locked the door."

"But what on earth, my dear Jane," Mrs. Brook plaintively wondered, "are you proposing we should do?"

Mrs. Brook, in her apprehension, had looked expressively at their friends, but the eye of the Duchess wandered no further than Harold and Lady Fanny. "It would perhaps serve to keep that pair a little longer from escaping together."

Mrs. Brook took a pause no greater. "But wouldn't it be, as regards another pair, locking the stable door after—what do you call it? Don't Petherton and Aggie appear already to have escaped together? Mitchy, man, where in the world's your wife?"

"I quite grant you," said the Duchess gayly, "that my niece is wherever Petherton is. This I'm sure of, for *there's* a friendship, if you please, that has not been interrupted. Petherton's not gone, is he?" she asked in her turn of Mitchy.

But again, before he could speak, it was taken up. "Mitchy's silent, Mitchy's altered, Mitchy's queer!" Mrs. Brook declared, while the new recruits to the circle, Tishy and Nanda and Mr. Cashmore, Lady Fanny and Harold too, after a minute and on perceiving the movement of the others, ended by enlarging it, with mutual accommodation and aid, to a pleasant talkative ring in which the subject of their companion's ejaculation, on a low ottoman and glaring in his odd way in almost all directions at once, formed the conspicuous, attractive centre. Tishy was nearest Mr. Longdon, and Nanda, still flanked by Mr. Cashmore, between that gentleman and his wife, who had Harold on her other side. Edward Brookenham was neighbored by his son and by Vanderbank, who might easily have felt himself, in spite of their separation and given, as it happened, their places in the group, rather publicly confronted with Mr. Longdon. "Is his wife in the other room?"—Mrs. Brook now put it to Tishy.

Tishy, after a stare about, came back to consciousness to account for this guest. "Oh yes—she's playing with him."

"But with whom, dear?"

"Why, with Petherton. I thought you knew."

"Knew they're playing—? Mrs. Brook was almost Socratic.

"She's regularly wound up," Brookenham meanwhile, without resonance, observed to Vanderbank.

"Brilliant indeed!" Vanderbank replied.

"But she's rather naughty, you know," Edward, after a pause, continued.

"Oh, villanous!" his interlocutor said with a short, smothered laugh that might, for a spectator, have represented a sudden start at such a flash of analysis from such a quarter.

When Vanderbank's attention, at any rate, was free again, their hostess, assisted to the transition, was describing the play, as she had called it, of the absentees. "She has hidden a book, and he's trying to find it."

"Hide and seek? Why, isn't it innocent, Mitch!" Mrs. Brook exclaimed.

Mitchy, speaking for the first time, faced her with extravagant gloom. "Do you really think so?"

"That's *her* innocence!" the Duchess laughed.

"And don't you suppose he has found it *yet?*" Mrs. Brook pursued earnestly to Tishy. "Isn't it something we might *all* play at if—" On which, however, suddenly checking herself, she changed her note. "Nanda, love, please go and invite them to join us."

Mitchy, at this, on his ottoman, wheeled straight round to the girl, who looked at him before speaking. "I'll go if Mitchy tells me."

"But if he does fear," said her mother, "that there may be something in it—?"

Mitchy jerked back to Mrs. Brook. "Well, you see, I don't want to give way to my fear. Suppose there *should* be something! Let me not know."

She met him tenderly. "I see. You couldn't—so soon—bear it."

"Ah but, *savez-vous,*" the Duchess interposed with some majesty, "you're horrid!"

"Let them alone," Mitchy continued. "We don't want at all events a general romp."

"Oh, I thought just that," said Mrs. Brook, "was what the Duchess wished the door locked for! Perhaps moreover"—she returned to Tishy—"he has not yet found the book."

"He can't," Tishy said with simplicity.

"But why in the world—?"

"You see she's sitting on it"—Tishy felt, it was plain the responsibility of explanation. "So that unless he pulls her off—"

"He can't compass his desperate end? Ah, I hope he won't pull her off!" Mrs. Brook wonderfully murmured. It was said in a manner that stirred the circle, and unanimous laughter seemed already to have crowned her invocation, lately uttered, to the social spirit. "But what in the world," she pursued, "is the book selected for such a position? I hope it's not a very big one."

"Oh, aren't the books that are sat upon," Mr. Cashmore freely inquired, "as a matter of course the bad ones?"

"Not a bit as a matter of course," Harold as freely replied to him. "They sit, all round, nowadays—I mean in the papers and places—on some awfully good stuff. Why, I myself read books that I couldn't—upon my honor I wouldn't risk it!—read out to you here."

"What a pity," his father dropped with the special shade of dryness that was all Edward's own, "that you haven't got one of your favorites to try on us!"

Harold looked about as if it might have been after all a happy thought. "Well, Nanda's the only girl."

"And one's sister doesn't count," said the Duchess.

"It's just because the thing's bad," Tishy resumed for Mrs. Brook's more particular benefit, "that Lord Petherton is trying to wrest it."

Mrs. Brook's pale interest deepened. "Then it's a real hand-to-hand struggle?"

"He says she sha'n't read it; she says she will."

"Ah, that's because—isn't it, Jane?" Mrs. Brook appealed—"he so long overlooked and advised her in those matters. Doesn't he feel by this time—so awfully clever as he is—the extraordinary way she has come out?"

"'By this time'?" Harold echoed. "Dearest mummy, you're too sweet. It's only about ten weeks—isn't it, Mitch? You don't mind my saying that, I hope," he solicitously added.

Mitchy had his back to him and, bending it a little, sat with head dropped and knees pressing his hands together. "I don't mind any one's saying anything."

"Lord, are you already past that?" Harold sociably laughed.

"He used to vibrate to everything. My dear man, what *is* the matter?" Mrs. Brook demanded. "Does it all move too fast for you?"

"Mercy on us, what *are* you talking about? That's what *I* want to know!" Mr. Cashmore vivaciously declared.

"Well, she *has* gone at a pace—if Mitchy doesn't mind," Harold interposed in the tone of tact and taste. "But then don't they always—I mean when they're like Aggie and they once get loose—go at a pace? That's what *I* want to know. I don't suppose mother did, nor Tishy, nor the Duchess," he communicated to the rest, "but mother and Tishy and the Duchess, it strikes me, must either have been of the school that knew, don't you know? a deuce of a deal before, or of the type that takes it all more quietly after."

"I think a woman can only speak for herself. *I* took it all quietly enough, both before and after," said Mrs. Brook. Then she addressed to Mr. Cashmore, with a small formal nod, one of her lovely wan smiles. "What I'm talking about, *s'il vous plâit,* is marriage."

"I wonder if you know," the Duchess broke out on this, "how silly you all sound! When did it ever, in any society that could call itself decently 'good,' *not* make a difference that an innocent young creature, a flower tended and guarded, should find from one day to the other her whole situation changed? People pull long faces and look wonderful looks and punch each other, in your English fashion, in the sides and say to each other in corners that my poor darling has 'come out'. *Je crois bien,* she has come out! I married her—I don't mind saying it now—exactly that she *should,* and I should be mightily ashamed of every one concerned if she hadn't. I didn't marry her, I give you to believe, that she should stay 'in,' and if any of you think to frighten Mitchy with it I imagine you'll do so as little as you frighten *me.* If it has taken her a very short time—as Harold so vividly puts it—to which of you did I ever pretend, I should like to know, that it would take her a very long one? I dare say there are girls it would have taken longer, just as there are certainly others who wouldn't have required an hour. It surely isn't news to you that if some young persons among us all are very stupid and others very wise, *my* dear child was never either, but only perfectly bred and deliciously clever. Ah, *that*—rather! If she's so clever that you don't know what to do with her, it's scarcely *her* fault. But add to it that Mitchy's very kind, and you have the whole thing. What more do you want?"

Mrs. Brook, who looked immensely struck, replied with the promptest sympathy, yet as if there might have been an alternative. "I don't think"—and her eyes appealed to the others—"that we want *any* more, do we? than the whole thing."

"Gracious, I should hope not!" her husband remarked, as privately as before, to Vanderbank. "Jane—for a mixed company—does go into it."

Vanderbank, for a minute and with a special short arrest, took in the circle. "Should you call us 'mixed'? There's only *one* girl."

Edward Brookenham glanced at his daughter. "Yes, but I wish there were more."

"*Do* you?" And Vanderbank's laugh at this odd view covered, for a little, the rest of the talk. But when he again began to follow no victory had yet been snatched.

It was Mrs. Brook, naturally, who rattled the standard. "When you say, dearest, that we don't know what to 'do' with Aggie's cleverness, do you quite allow for the way we bow down before it and worship it? I don't quite see what else we—in here—can do with it, even though we *have* gathered that, just over there, Petherton is finding for it a different application. We can only each in our way do our best. Don't therefore succumb, Jane, to the delusive charm of a grievance. There would be nothing in it. You haven't got one. The beauty of the life that so many of us have so long led together"—and she showed that it was for Mr. Longdon she more particularly brought this out—"is precisely that nobody has ever had one. Nobody has dreamed of it—it would have been such a rough, false note, a note of violence out of all keeping. Did *you* ever hear of one, Van? Did you, my poor Mitchy? But you see for yourselves," she wound up with a sigh and before either could answer, "how inferior we've become when we have even in our defence to assert such things."

Mitchy, who, for a while past, had sat gazing at the floor, now raised his good-natural goggles and stretched his closed mouth to its widest. "Oh, I think we're pretty good still!" he then replied.

Mrs. Brook indeed appeared, after a pause and addressing herself again to Tishy, to give a reluctant illustration of it, coming back as from an excursion of the shortest to the question momentarily dropped. "I'm bound to say, all the more, you know, that I don't quite see what Aggie mayn't now read." Suddenly, however, her look at their informant took on an anxiety. "Is the book you speak of something *very* awful?"

Mrs. Grendon, with so much, these past minutes, to have made her so, was at last visibly more present. "That's what Lord Petherton says of it. From what he knows of the author."

"So that he wants to keep her—?"

"Well, from trying it first. I think he wants to see if it's good for her."

"That's one of the most charming cares, I think," the Duchess said, "that a gentleman may render to a young woman to whom he desires to be useful. I won't say that Petherton always knows how good a book may be, but I'd trust him any day to say how bad."

Mr. Longdon, who had sat, throughout, silent and still, quitted his seat at this and evidently, in so doing, gave Mrs. Brook as much occasion as she required. She also got up, and her movement brought to her view, at the door of the further room something that drew from her a quick exclamation. "He can tell us now, then—for here they come!" Lord Petherton, arriving with animation and followed so swiftly by his young companion that she presented herself as pursuing him, shook triumphantly over his head a small volume in blue paper. There was a general movement at the sight of them, and by the time they had rejoined their friends the company, pushing back seats and causing a variety of mute expression smoothly to circulate, was pretty well on its feet. "See—he *has* pulled her off!" said Mrs. Brook.

Little Aggie, to whom plenty of pearls were singularly becoming, met it as pleasant sympathy. "Yes, and it was a *real* pull. But of course," she continued with the prettiest humor and as if Mrs. Brook would quite understand, "from the moment one has a person's nails in one's flesh—!"

Mrs. Brook's sympathy passed, however, with no great ease from Aggie's pearls to her other charms; fixing the former indeed so markedly that Harold had a quick word about it for Lady Fanny. "When poor mummy thinks, you know, that Nanda might have had them—!"

Lady Fanny's attention, for that matter, had resisted

FIELD HOSPITAL AT THE "BLOODY

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FREDERIC R

OODY FORD" OF SAN JUAN CREEK.

ERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 1271.]

them as little. "Well, I dare say that if I had wanted, *I* might!"

"Lord—*could* you have stood him?" the young man returned. "But I believe women can stand anything!" he profoundly concluded. His mother meanwhile, recovering herself, had begun to ejaculate on the prints on Aggie's arms, and he was then diverted from the sense of what he, "personally," as he would have said, couldn't have stood, by a glance at Lord Petherton's trophy, for which he made a prompt grab. "The bone of contention?" Lord Petherton had let it go, and Harold stood arrested by the cover. "Why, blest if it hasn't Van's name!"

"Van's?"—his mother was near enough to effect her own snatch, after which she swiftly faced the proprietor of the volume. "Dear man, it's the last thing you lent me! But I don't think," she added, turning to Tishy, "that I ever passed such a production on to *you*."

"It was just seeing Mr. Van's hand," Aggie conscientiously explained, "that made me think one was free—!"

"But it isn't Mr. Van's hand!"—Mrs. Brook quite smiled at the error. She thrust the book straight at Mr. Longdon. "*Is* that Mr. Van's hand?"

Holding the disputed object, which he had put on his nippers to glance at, he presently, without speaking, looked over these aids straight at Nanda, who looked as straight back at him. "It was I who wrote Mr. Van's name." The girl's eyes were on Mr. Longdon, but her words as for the company. "I brought the book here from Buckingham Crescent and left it by accident in the other room."

"By accident, my dear," her mother replied, "I do quite hope. But what on earth did you bring it for? It's too hideous."

Nanda seemed to wonder. "Is it?" she murmured.

"Then you haven't read it?"

She just hesitated. "One hardly knows now, I think, what is and what isn't."

"She brought it only for *me* to read," Tishy gravely interposed.

Mrs Brook looked strange. "Nanda *recommended* it?"

"Oh no—the contrary." Tishy, as if scared by so much publicity, floundered a little. "She only told me—"

"The awful subject?" Mrs. Brook wailed.

There was so deepening an echo of the drollery of this last passage that it was a minute before Vanderbank could be heard saying: "The responsibility's wholly mine for setting the beastly thing in motion. Still," he added, good-humoredly and as if to minimize, if not the cause, at least the consequence, "I think I agree with Nanda that it's no worse than anything else."

Mrs. Brook had recovered the volume from Mr. Longdon's relaxed hand and now, without another glance at it, held it behind her with an unusual air of firmness. "Oh, how can you say that, my dear man, of anything so revolting?"

The discussion kept them for the instant well face to face. "Then did *you* read it?"

She debated, then jerked the book into the nearest empty chair, where Mr. Cashmore quickly pounced upon it. "Wasn't it for that you brought it me?" she demanded. Yet before he could answer she again challenged her child. "Have you read this work, Nanda?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Oh, I say!" cried Mr. Cashmore, hilarious and turning the leaves.

Mr. Longdon had by this time ceremoniously approached Tishy. "Good-night."

XXXI.

"I think then you had better wait," Mrs. Brook said, "till I see if he has gone:" and on the arrival the next moment of the servants with the tea, she was able to put her question. "Is Mr. Cashmore still with Miss Brookenham?"

"No, ma'am," the footman replied—"I let Mr. Cashmore out five minutes ago."

Vanderbank showed for the next short time by his behavior what he felt at not yet being free to take this up; moving pointlessly about the room while the servants arranged the tea table and taking no trouble to make, for appearance, any other talk. Mrs. Brook, on her side, took so little that the silence—which their temporary companions had all the effect of keeping up by conscious dawdling—became precisely one of those precious lights for the circle belowstairs which people fondly fancy they have not kindled when they have not spoken. But Vanderbank spoke again as soon as the door was closed. "Does he run in and out that way without even speaking to *you?*"

Mrs. Brook turned away from the fire that, late in May, was the only charm of the crude, cold afternoon. "One would like to draw the curtains, wouldn't one? and gossip in the glow of the hearth."

"Oh, 'gossip'!" Vanderbank wearily said, as he came to her pretty table.

In the act of serving him she checked herself. "You wouldn't rather have it with *her?*"

He balanced a moment. "Does she have a tea of her own?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know?"—Mrs. Brook asked it with surprise. "Such ignorance of what I do for her does tell, I think, the tale of how you've lately treated us."

"In not coming for so long?"

"For more weeks, for more months than I can count. Scarcely since—when was it?—the end of January, that night of Tishy's dinner."

"Yes—that awful night."

"Awful, you call it?"

"Awful."

"Well, the time without you," Mrs. Brook returned, "has been so bad that I'm afraid I've lost the impression of anything before." Then she offered the tea to his choice. "*Will* you take it upstairs?"

He received the cup. "Yes, and here too." After which he said nothing again till, first pouring in milk to cool it, he had drunk his tea down. "That's not literally true, you know. I *have* been in."

"Yes, but always with other people—you managed it somehow—the wrong ones. It hasn't counted."

"Ah, in one way and another, I think everything counts. And you forget I've dined."

"Oh—for once!"

"The once you asked me. So don't spoil the beauty of your own behavior by mistimed reflections. You've been, as usual, superior."

"Ah, but there has been no beauty in it. There has been nothing," Mrs. Brook went on, "but bare, bleak recognition, the curse of my hideous intelligence. We've fallen to pieces, and at least I'm not such a fool as not to have felt it in time. From the moment one did feel it why should one insist on vain forms? If *you* felt it, and were so ready to drop them, my part was what it has always been—to accept the inevitable. We shall never grow together again. The smash was too great."

Vanderbank, for a little said nothing; then at last: "You ought to know how great!"

Whatever had happened her lovely look here survived it. "I?"

"The smash," he replied, "was indeed as complete, I think, as your intention. Each of the 'pieces' testifies to your success. Five minutes did it."

She appeared to wonder where he was going. "But surely not *my* minutes. Where have you discovered that I made Mitchy's marriage?"

"Mitchy's marriage has nothing to do with it."

"I see." She had the old interest, at least, still at their service. "You think we might have survived that." A new thought of it seemed to glimmer. "I'm bound to say Mitchy's marriage promises elements."

"You did it that night at Mrs. Grendon's." He spoke as if he had not heard her. "It was a wonderful performance. You pulled us down—just closing with each of the great columns in its turn—as Samson pulled down the temple. I was, at the time, more or less bruised and buried, and I didn't, in the agitation and confusion, fully understand what had happened. But I understand now."

"Are you very sure?" Mrs. Brook earnestly asked.

"Well, I'm stupid compared with you, but you see I've taken my time. I've puzzled it out. I've lain awake on it: all the more that I've had to do it all myself—with the Mitchys in Italy and Greece. I've missed his aid."

"You'll have it now," Mrs. Brook kindly said. "They're coming back."

"And when do they arrive?"

"Any day, I believe."

"Has he written you?"

"No," said Mrs. Brook—"there it is. That's just the way we've fallen to pieces. But you'll of course have heard something."

"Never a word."

"Ah, then, it's complete."

Vanderbank thought a moment. "Not quite, is it?—I mean it won't be altogether unless he hasn't written to Nanda."

"Then *has* he?"—She was keen again.

"Oh, I'm assuming. Don't *you* know?"

"How *should* I?"

This too he turned over. "Just as a consequence of your having, at Tishy's, so abruptly and wonderfully tackled the question that, a few days later, as I afterwards gathered, was to be crowned with a measure of success not yet exhausted. Why, in other words—if it was to know so little about her and to get no nearer to her—did you secure Nanda's return?"

There was a clear reason, her face said, if she could only remember it. "Why did I—?" Then as catching a light: "Fancy your asking me—at this time of day!"

"Ah, you *have* noticed that I haven't asked before? However," Van promptly added, "I know well enough what you notice. Nanda hasn't mentioned to you whether or no she has heard?"

"Absolutely not. But you don't suppose, I take it, that it was to pry into her affairs that I called her in."

Vanderbank, on this, lighted for the first time with a laugh. "'Called her in'? How I like your expressions!"

"I do then, in spite of all," she eagerly asked, "remind you a little of the *bon temps?* Ah," she sighed, "I don't say anything good now. But of course I see Jane—though not so often either. It's from Jane I've heard of what she calls her 'young things.' It seems so odd to think of Mitchy as a young thing. He's as old as all time, and his wife, who the other day was about six, is now practically about forty. And I also saw Petherton," Mrs. Brook added, "on his return."

"His return from where?"

"Why, he was with them at Corfu, Malta, Cyprus—I don't know where; yachting, spending Mitchy's money, 'larking,' he called it—I don't know what. He was with them for weeks."

"Till Jane, you mean, called him in?"

"I think it must have been that."

"Well, that's better," said Van, "than if Mitchy had had to call him out."

"Oh, Mitchy—!" Mrs. Brook comprehensively sounded. Her visitor quite assented. "Isn't he amazing?"

"Unique."

He had a short pause. "But what's she up to?"

It was apparently for Mrs. Brook a question of such a variety of application that she brought out experimentally: "Jane?"

"Dear, no. I think we've fathomed 'Jane,' haven't we?"

"Well," mused Mrs. Brook, "I'm by no means sure that *I* have. Just of late I've had a new sense—"

"Yes, of what now?" Van amusedly put it as she held the note.

"Oh, of depths below depths. But poor Jane—of course after all, she's human. She's beside herself, with one thing and another, but she can't, in any consistency, show it. She took her stand so on having with Petherton's aid, formed Aggie for a *femme charmante*—"

"That it's too late to cry out that Petherton's aid can now be dispensed with? Do you mean then that he *is* such a brute that after all Mitchy has done for him—?" Vanderbank, at the rising image, pulled up in easy disgust.

"I think him quite capable of considering, with a magnificent insolence of selfishness, that what Mitchy has *most* done will have been to make Aggie accessible in a way that—for decency and delicacy of course, things on which Petherton highly prides himself—she could naturally *not* be as a girl. Her marriage has simplified it."

Vanderbank took it all in. "'Accessible' is good! Then—which was what I intended just now—Aggie has already become so?"

Mrs. Brook, however, could as yet, in fairness, only wonder. "That's just what I'm dying to see."

Her companion smiled at it. "'Even in our ashes live our wonted fires'! But what do you make, in such a box, of poor Mitchy himself? His marriage can scarcely to such an extent have simplified *him*."

It was something, none the less, that Mrs. Brook had to weigh. "I don't know. I give it up. The thing was of a strangeness!"

Her friend also paused, and it was as if, for a little, they remained looking at each other over it and over what was unsaid between them. "It *was* 'rum'!" he at last merely dropped.

It was scarce for Mrs. Brook, all the same—she seemed to feel after a moment—to surround the matter with an excess of silence. "He did what a man does—especially in that business—when he doesn't do what he wants."

"Did, you mean, what somebody else wanted?"

"Well, what he himself *didn't*. And if he's unhappy," she went on, "he'll know whom to pitch into."

"Ah," said Vanderbank, "even if he is he won't be the man to what you might call 'vent' it on her. He'll seek compensations elsewhere and won't mind any ridicule—"

"Whom are you speaking of as 'her'?" Mrs. Brook asked as on feeling that something in her face had made him stop. "I wasn't referring," she explained, "to his wife."

"Oh!" said Vanderbank.

"Aggie doesn't matter," she went on.

"Oh!" he repeated. "You meant the Duchess?" he then threw off.

"Don't be silly!" she rejoined. "He *may* not become unhappy—God grant *not!*" she developed. "But if he does he'll take it out of Nanda."

Van appeared to challenge this. "'Take it out' of her?"

"Well, want to know, as some American asked me the other day of somebody, what she's 'going to do' about it."

Vanderbank, who had remained on his feet, stood still at this for a longer time than at anything yet. "But what *can* she 'do'—?"

"That's again just what I'm curious to see." Mrs. Brook then spoke with a glance at the clock. "But if you don't go up to her—"

"My notion of seeing her alone may be defeated by her coming down on learning that I'm here?" He had taken out his watch. "I'll go in a moment. But, as a light on that danger, would *you*, in the circumstances, come down?"

Mrs. Brook, however, for light, could only look darkness. "Oh, you don't love *me*."

Vanderbank, still with his watch, stared then, as an alternative, at the fire. "You haven't yet told me, you know, if Mr. Cashmore now comes *every* day."

"My dear man, how can I say? You've just your occasion to find out."

"From *her*, you mean?"

Mrs. Brook hesitated. "Unless you prefer the footman. Must I again remind you that, with her own sitting-room and one of the men, in addition to her maid, wholly at her orders, her independence is ideal?"

Vanderbank, who appeared to have been timing himself, put up his watch. "I'm bound to say then that, with separations so established, I understand less than ever your unforgettable explosion."

"Ah, you come back to that?" she wearily asked. "And you find it, with all you've to think about, unforgettable?"

"Oh, but there was a wild light in your eye—!"

"Well," Mrs. Brook said, "you see it now quite gone out." She had spoken more sadly than sharply, but her impatience had the next moment a flicker. "I called Nanda in because I wanted to."

"Precisely; but what I don't make out, you see, is what you've since gained by it."

"You mean she only hates me the more?"

Van's impatience, in the movement with which he turned from her, had a flare still sharper. "You know I'm incapable of meaning anything of the sort."

She waited a minute while his back was presented. "I sometimes think, in effect, that you're incapable of anything straightforward."

Vanderbank's movement had not been to the door, but he almost reached it after giving her, on this, a hard look. He then stopped short, however, to stare an instant still more fixedly into the hat he held in his hand; the consequence of which, in turn, was that he, the next minute, stood again before her chair. "Don't you call it straightforward of me just not to have come for so long?"

She had again to take time to say. "Is that an allusion to what—by the loss of your beautiful presence—I've failed to 'gain'? I dare say at any rate"—she gave him no time to reply—"that you feel you're quite as straightforward as I, and that we're neither of us creatures of mere rash impulse. There was a time, in fact, wasn't there? when we rather enjoyed each other's dim depths. If I wanted to fawn upon you," she went on, "I might say that, with such a comrade in obliquity to wind and double about with, I'd risk losing myself in the mine. But why retort or recriminate? Let us not, for God's sake, be vulgar—we haven't yet, bad as it is, come to *that*. I *can* be, no doubt—I some day *must* be: I feel it looming at me out of the awful future as an inevitable fate. But let it be for when I'm old and horrible; not an hour before. I do want to live a little even yet. So you ought to let me off easily—even as I let you."

"Oh, I know," said Vanderbank handsomely, "that there are things you don't put to me! You show a tact!"

"There it is. And I like much better," Mrs. Brook went on, "our speaking of it as delicacy than as duplicity. If you understand, it's so much saved."

"What I always understand more than anything else," he returned, "is the general truth that you're prodigious."

It was perhaps a little as relapse from tension that she had nothing against that. "As for instance, when it *would* be so easy—"

"Yes, to take up what lies there, you yet so splendidly abstain."

"You literally press upon me my opportunity? It's *you* who are splendid!" Mrs. Brook rather strangely laughed.

"Don't you at least want to say," he went on with a slight flush, "what you *most* obviously and naturally might?"

Appealed to on the question of underlying desire, Mrs. Brook went through the decent form of appearing to try to give it the benefit of any doubt. "Don't I want, you mean, to find out before you go up what *you* want? Shall you be *much* disappointed," she asked, "if I say that, as I shall probably learn, as we used to be told as children, 'all in good time,' I can wait till the light comes out of itself?"

Vanderbank still lingered. "You *are* deep!"

"You've only to be deeper."

"That's easy to say. I'm afraid, at any rate, you won't think I am," he pursued after a pause, "if I ask you what in the world—since Harold does keep Lady Fanny so quiet—Cashmore still requires Nanda's direction for?"

"Ah, find out!" said Mrs. Brook.

"Isn't Carrie Donner quite shelved?"

"Find out," she repeated.

Vanderbank had reached the door and had his hand on the latch, but there was still something else. "You scarce suppose, I imagine, that she has come to like him for himself?"

"Find out!" And Mrs. Brook, who was now on her feet, turned away.

He watched her a moment more, then checked himself and left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUERTO RICO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

THE WATER-WORKS OF SAN JUAN.

Nine miles from San Juan, by the military road, near the little town of Rio Piedras, there is a piece of engineering just approaching completion, which is to result in furnishing the capital of Puerto Rico with a much-needed water-supply. Aside, one is surprised that cities of the size of San Juan should have remained so many years in a primitive condition, without modern water-works, without gas, without electric light, without sewerage, and without street-cars.

The awakening to the needs of modern life and the possibilities in the direction of mechanical comforts has come only in the last few years, and then principally through the instrumentality of progressive Americans.

To-day San Juan has an ice-plant which is wholly inadequate; a gas-plant which furnishes only a mean yellow flame; a feeble incandescent electric-light-plant; a narrow-gauge steam-tramway leading to suburban towns, and a single railroad running east to Carolina and west to Arecibo; but beyond this she has remained at a standstill in this century of wonderful advancement.

It is calculated that within four months San Juan will be able to dispense with the questionable supply of rain-water in cisterns—to which may be attributed a portion of the sickness developed—which will be replaced by well-filtered water drawn from an uncontaminated source far up in the mountain ravines.

This has been practically accomplished by damming a mountain stream, at normal periods some thirty feet in width, by a substantial wall of masonry twenty feet high. American engineers would pronounce this portion of the work defective, in that along the low flood-plains to the left of the stream there are no extension retaining-walls, and hence all flood waters rush around the unprotected end of the dam. The monetary loss, when the spring-waters cut a new stream-bed, as they will, over the alluvial plain, will be of small moment as compared to the distress which will be caused by the temporary cutting off of the water-supply of a city, whose people have become educated to the use of water from faucets.

Beyond this primary objection to the work as it stands, it may be said that the undertaking has been well and ably executed under the direction of Spanish engineers, including, as it does, settling-basins, sand-filters, pumping-basins, steam lifting-pumps, primary receiving reservoirs, and secondary distributing reservoirs.

It is estimated that this plant is capable of raising and distributing two million gallons of water in twelve hours, with one set of pumps in action.

All the great basins have been built by throwing up a massive surrounding wall of earth, and erecting against this a stone wall four feet in thickness, finished with a cement lining. The stone used in their construction is a fine-grained blue limestone, brought from the mountains within a mile and a half of Rio Piedras. As a building-stone it is said to be excellent. It is worked, however, with some difficulty, as the massive rock seems to have no general lines of cleavage. The entire eastern end of the island abounds in immense metamorphosed sandstones, approaching quartzites, and in limestones ranging to argillites. Both make fine building-stone, and, with better roads and easier means of transportation, they will very likely come into extensive industrial use.

The water comes from the dam through a twenty-four-inch pipe to two settling-basins, which are used alternately, and it is here held for twenty-four hours until the major portion of the foreign matter has precipitated.

Provision is made at the lower end of these basins to flow off the water into the stream, so that the basins may be cleaned of the accumulation of mud.

From the settling-basins it is flowed into great duplicate filter-basins, which have a bed-covering of four feet of coarse sand. The water passes through these beds of sand into the final pumping-basin.

In the event of any trouble with the filter-beds, it is possible to flow the water, by side trenches with cemented walls, around the filter-basin direct into the pumping-pits. The pumps are direct coupled, and the engines are of the condensing type, manufactured by a Glasgow firm.

The primary reservoir is situated a hundred and sixty feet above the pumps, and is a work of beauty. The walls are of rough masonry, topped with a handsome stone fence. The centre of this great basin, holding 3,700,000 gallons, is divided by a median wall, and the valve-house is situated at one side of this division.

A twenty-inch main leads into the city, this piping having been furnished by a Belgian company.

The entire work has been planned and carried out under the supervision of Puerto-Rican engineers, though the story goes that the original plans for this plant, with estimates of cost, were presented by a Scotch engineer on the island, and, with his approval, were mailed to Madrid for final sanction. These plans, it is then stated, were stolen from the post-office, and copies made of them under the direction of the Governor-General, who forwarded them as an original scheme. They were approved by the government at Madrid, the Scotchman getting neither credit nor money.

The total cost of the completed plant with the water in the mains, it is said, will be somewhat over six hundred thousand pesos. This amount was raised by a bond issue of the municipality of San Juan, and carries a low rate of interest. It is the concensus of opinion among American experts who have examined the work that it is generally excellent, and that the money has been economically expended.

In four months it is hoped the pumps will be in position, and San Juan supplied with an abundance of clear, pure, filtered water, in place of the tainted, fever-breeding rain-water now gathered in several hundred small cisterns, and meagrely doled out for domestic purposes.

William Dinwiddie.

BLOODY FORD.

The Story of the Dressing-Station.

BY THE MEDICAL OFFICER IN CHARGE.

Many things have been told us about the Santiago campaign. Descriptive articles and excellent illustrations by our ablest correspondents and artists have been forth-coming in plenty.

One feature, however, has been merely touched upon in these writings—a feature very important indeed for the poor sufferers involved at the time. I refer to the dressing-station, and in particular to the one designated as the "Bloody Ford" station. So many pathetic events occurred there—examples of heroic fortitude, entire lack of selfishness, true American courage in the very presence of death—that I think a few lines devoted to that alone will not be amiss. If all who were there feel as I do, there were many things that happened so deeply impressed on their memories that they will carry them to the grave.

To lead up to this dressing-station proper, I will ask you to go back with me to El Pozo. I was on duty as regimental surgeon with the Third United States Cavalry, a gallant body of men indeed. On the night of June 30 we bivouacked on El Pozo hill. Tired with our slow laborious night march to this point, we dropped quietly into the long grass and tried to get a little sleep, little imagining what was before us for the morrow. Just before the break of day, July 1, the cavalry division of which our regiment formed a part descended to the road at the foot of the hill and halted, awaiting our turn to advance. We were strung out in one long column of twos along that road, with dense jungle on either side. Captain Grimes's battery, in position on the summit of the hill right above us, opened fire on the Spanish lines. We were all intensely interested watching the firing. Shot after shot was sent into them without any reply. We began to think we were going to have an easy victory. Rash conclusion; for suddenly and without warning a shell comes screaming through the air, followed immediately by another, and still another. All eyes are strained upward at these terrible missiles, uncomfortably near to us, many of them bursting directly over our heads. Everybody unconsciously crouches as they come tearing and shrieking along. An instinctive feeling of trying to get into as small a compass as possible—"to crawl into one's self," as it were—comes over all. These shells were skilfully directed and properly timed to do the greatest amount of damage, and one old sergeant with a grim smile expressed aloud the thoughts of the command by the remark,

"Them Dagoes is got the range down fine."

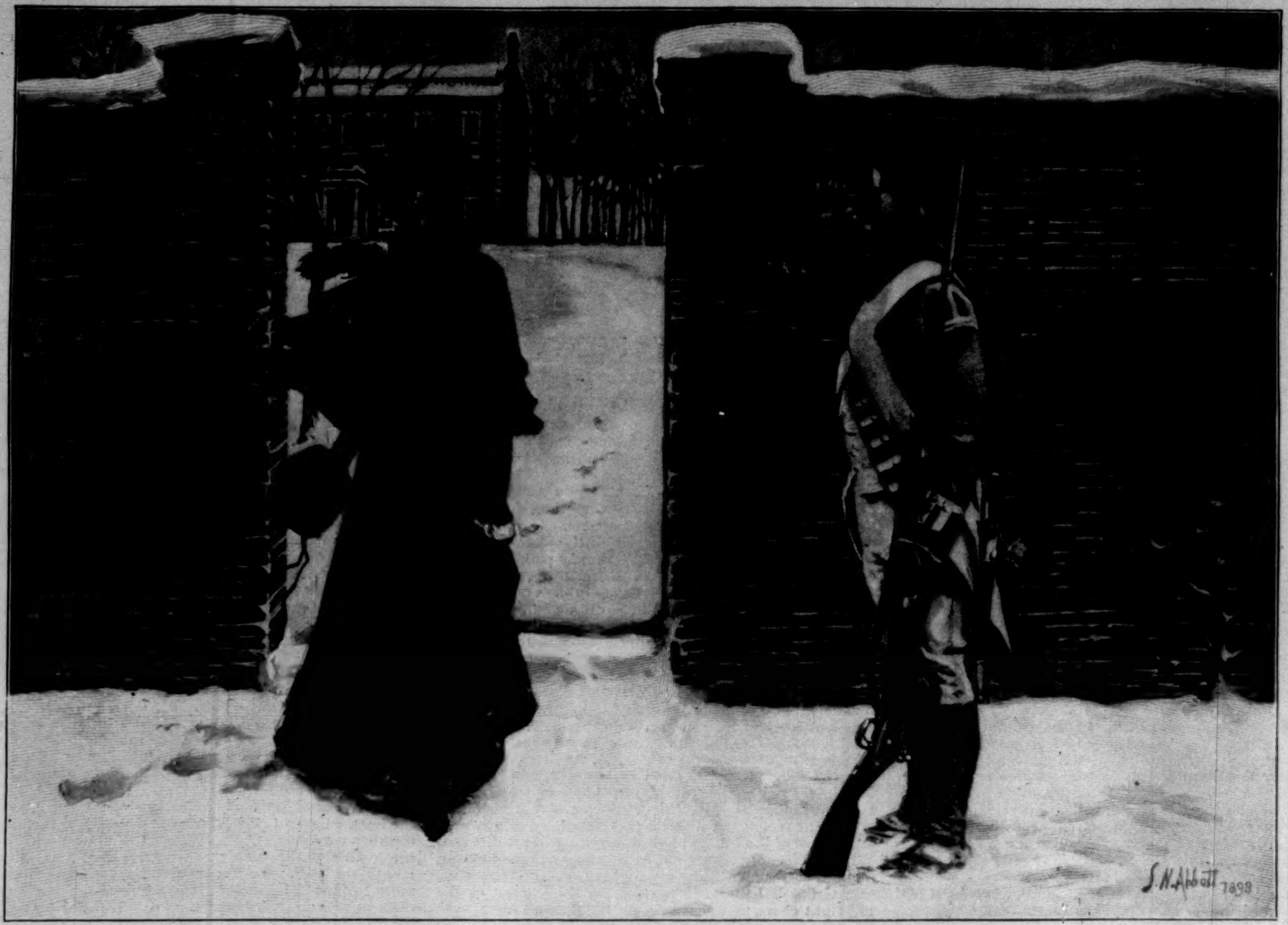
The road was beginning to get pretty hot for us, and when the forward movement came it was hailed with silent relief; for it is certainly discouraging, and not conducive to good health and a happy frame of mind, to be pounded by an unseen enemy, without any opportunity to retaliate. The men were all eager to go ahead and get a chance at them. With grim determination they adjusted their packs, shouldered their pieces, and trudged along through the mud toward Santiago. Eventually we reached the San Juan Creek—a pretty little stream of clear water, hardly knee-deep where the road crosses it. On the farther side several strands of barbed wire obstructed progress, but it was only the work of a few moments to cut these and pull them aside. It was soon evident that the expected battle was about to begin at this point. The cavalry division crossed the stream, mounted the bank, and formed for fight. Men took their places quietly and silently, and there was a stillness about it all that was ominous, like the lull before the storm, and which boded ill for the Spanish in the trenches beyond on the hills of San Juan. It is at this stage that my tale begins.

The thought now came to me that I had better be looking up a place for a dressing-station without delay, and this point of the creek seemed naturally created for the purpose. There was a cut bank, varying from a few inches to about three feet high, serving as partial protection for a man lying down behind it, and in some places for one even sitting. From this bank a shelf of gravel and sand about twenty feet long and perhaps eight or ten feet wide extended out into the shallow waters of the creek. After a rapid taking in of the situation, I determined to open a dressing-station right here, and together with Dr. Menocal, on duty with the Sixth United States Cavalry, set about making it comfortable as a joint station for our two regiments. The staff and field officers had left their horses on this gravel shelf, and proceeded from that point on foot. After having these horses moved down the creek about fifty feet, men were put at work with shovels to extend the shelf and increase its area. Other men at the same time gathered boughs and soft leaves, spreading them over the ground to make as comfortable a resting-place as possible for the unfortunates about to come in. These details were completed none too soon, for hardly was the place in readiness before the silence was broken suddenly by the sharp incessant rattle of rifle fire, and a perfect hail of bullets came whizzing right into the station and all around us. All day long this continued, with occasional short lulls, and at times the din was terrific, particularly when shrapnel would go cutting its way over us as well. It is a marvel that every living thing thereabouts was not either killed or wounded. Even the black dog with H Troop, Third Cavalry, the mascot of the troop, seemed to realize that it was an unhealthy locality about that time, for he crouched below the bank and shivered miserably, with occasional low whines, as though he understood it all, poor fellow. The fight was on; and hardly had one time to collect his thoughts before the wounded came pouring in from over the bank in a steady stream, some limping, some hopping, others holding their arms to their sides or abdomen, many using the rifle as a crutch or support, and a number carried in by their comrades—one, two, or four, as the case happened to be—themselves in a condition of utter exhaustion from fatigue and heat, but cheerful to be of use to their poor suffering companions. The capacity of the dressing-station was very soon strained to its utmost.

The first thing that impressed me was the curious expression of the faces of the wounded. None were without it, except those mortally hurt. As nearly as I can interpret it into words, the look was one of "dazed anxious surprise." The men carried as part of their equipment an emergency or first-aid packet. This consisted of two gauze compresses, a roller bandage, a handkerchief sling, and two safety-pins—all enclosed in macintosh or rubber sheeting, and the whole packet so prepared as to be absolutely free from germs of any kind. Before the battle opened, many of these had been thrown away by the thoughtless as being so much unnecessary encumbrance; but later, so high did they rise in the estimation of the men, that I several times overheard them trying to buy of one another, but without success. They evidently realized the value of the packet then. It was very gratifying to note the disappearance of the set expression, the dazed look mentioned before, from the faces of the injured after the dressing was applied by means of this packet; and with the completion of the dressing, one of intense relief, and one might almost say content, takes its place. No matter how great the suffering then or even after, it was the case with all. Small and almost insignificant as this first-aid packet appeared before the fight, it was really one of the most important parts of the equipment next to the actual munitions of war and commissary supplies. We owe to it directly and its prompt use the low mortality from wounds and the small number of amputations necessary. All hail to the first-aid packet, say I, in time of war. Many injuries which were not disturbed for some days after the first dressing was applied were found completely healed, and required no more care when the dressing was removed, presumably to put on a fresh one.

The freaks of some of the bullets were strange, to say the least. Several particular wounds made by them I remember very distinctly on account of their peculiar nature. One young cavalry officer was shot through the mouth, the bullet entering on the right side of the face, sadly battered a beautiful set of teeth, splintering eleven of them, was deflected and turned downward by one of the molars on the left side, and lodged in the muscles on the left side of the neck, where it now is and can easily be felt. I have since met this officer again, in excellent health. He is now in the toils of a dentist getting the damage repaired. The only mark he bears is a pretty little dimple at the right corner of the mouth, simply intensifying his former pleasant expression. Another was shot through both thighs, and I found the bullet in his trousers pocket. When told of the fact he simply remarked: "That's a mighty smart bullet, to stop in my pocket after plugging me. I wouldn't lose it for a farm." Another lad—he was merely a boy, in fact—was carried in by two comrades, and evidently did not know how badly he was hurt. While dressing his wounds—there were three of them, any one of which would render him helpless for some time to come—he said to me: "Fix me quick, doctor. I want to go up and have another crack at them." Of course that was out of the question, but it goes to demonstrate the spirit of the men, the kind of material they were made of. One poor lad, mortally wounded, was lying on the sand, staining it with his life-blood, and struggling so hard with death that it made me heart-sick to feel my utter helplessness when face to face with the inevitable. He wanted so much to live, and his look of mute appeal, and the oft-repeated question, "Will I pull through, doctor?" will haunt me for a long time to come. I am comforted by the knowledge that his death was quiet and painless, just like falling into a deep sleep. Most of the injuries to bone caused by these bullets were clean perforations only, instead of the terrible splintering fractures of previous wars, produced by soft bullets of larger calibre and less velocity. One, instead of penetrating the abdomen, after entering apparently straight, passed around from one side to the other between the muscles, and escaped from the opposite side to that on which it entered, making only a simple flesh-wound. A number of men were shot right through the lung, and yet all those of this class whom I dressed seemed to suffer very little, and have ultimately recovered. The strange pranks of these bullets were so many that to mention more would tire you.

As the wounded lay under the low, sheltering bank, the bullets came singing incessantly by, with a sound something like the quick momentary hum of a large mosquito, clipping the leaves from the trees in their flight, and allowing them slowly to flutter down in the faces of the men; then splashing into the creek, would bury themselves in its bed. At times they fell there so thickly for short intervals that it appeared as though it were raining. To vary the excitement, an occasional shrapnel would come tearing through the trees above us, smashing limbs, and dropping splinters and branches all about us. Men coming up the road from the rear to join the firing-line were frequently wounded right in the creek while crossing it, and it was often necessary to wade out and get them before they drowned, as many of them surely would have done otherwise. Now and then a wounded horse would plunge through the station; and one poor animal, bleeding profusely from his side, dropped half-way across the creek, and drowned and bled to death simultaneously. His struggles to gain a footing and keep his head above water were pitiful to see. A number of the staff and field horses were killed close by the station. Some dropped dead in their tracks; others, frantic, plunged and broke their halters and disappeared in the brush to die. To add to the feeling of insecurity about this place, it was but a very short time before shots very close at hand were heard from time to time, and bullets fell among us, apparently from above and behind us. There was no natural protection from that side, and the only solution of this problem that we could arrive at was that we were



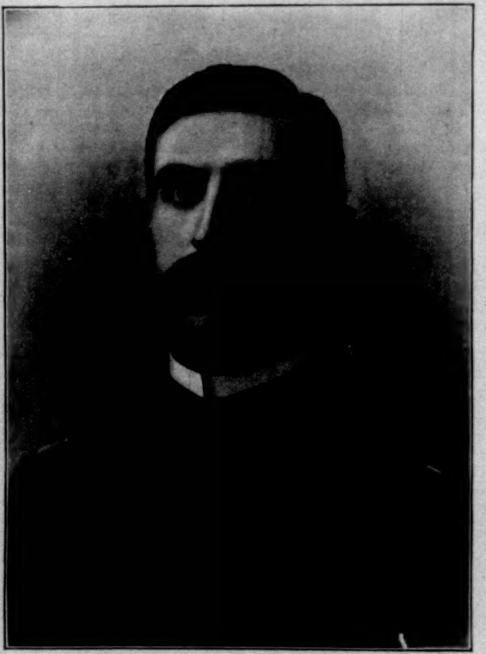
AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE LAST CENTURY—A COLD CHRISTMAS GREETING.—Drawn by S. N. Abbott.

being shot at from the trees. There were several very large ones with dense foliage close by. Such, we found afterwards, was really the case. We were being made targets of by the Spanish sharp-shooters. It was quite a task to reassure the wounded that they were in no danger where they were if they would only lie quietly. After the first shock of this discovery, many of the injured passed the time watching the trees to determine if there were any signs of life in them, and occasionally pointed out to one another what they thought were living beings hidden in the foliage.

A little later in the day several other surgeons stopped at the station on their way to the front, and it was an intense satisfaction to me to see them, as we had more than we could handle—the place having developed into a general station by reason of its locality, nearest the firing-line and on the only road to and fro. Not only the wounded of the two regiments for which it was originally intended, but those from infantry and cavalry, regular and volunteer, kept coming in steadily. Major Robinson and Captain McCaw, two of the surgeons who came up, worked indefatigably and unceasingly. By afternoon we managed to secure the pack-wagons on their return trip from carrying ammunition to the men, and load them with the wounded able to be transported in that manner. Here again the heroism of the men showed itself universally. Throughout the day hardly a groan was heard, and never a complaint of any kind; and now, when the opportunity was present to get back to the division hospital in comparative safety and out of the zone of fire, men severely wounded volunteered, without request, to wait for another wagon, in order that some one else whom they fancied in worse plight than themselves might get back first. With such material, why shouldn't we win battles? Every time a man came back from the front, the one question put to him by all, the wounded included, was, "How is it going—have we got 'em licked yet?" There was never a thought of defeat. I recollect one lieutenant being carried into the station by four of his men. They handled him so tenderly and with such care on the rude litter they had hastily improvised of boughs and shelter-tent canvas that I concluded he had better go all the way back in that manner, after having his wound dressed. Upon asking the men whether they were equal to the task, the reply from one of them was, "If the captain thinks the lieutenant can stand it, we'll get him there all right." Never a thought about themselves; and yet they were all of them ready to drop from exhaustion right there in their tracks. This is the kind of stuff our men were made of, and their grim determination to win and surmount all obstacles has never been equalled in history. Many of the volunteers who had brought wounded comrades back, seeing a heap of Krag-Jörgensen rifles, originally belonging to wounded regulars, begged me to let them exchange their Springfields for them. Upon telling them that I had no authority to dispose of the guns, and was entirely too busy to watch them, it was not long before every one had disappeared and Springfields were lying there instead. The others had all gone to the front again.

At one time in the afternoon there was quite a commotion at one end of the long line of wounded, a restlessness on their part that was quite noticeable. Asking one of them if anything was wrong, he said, "I don't know whether my wound has made me flighty or not, but I'm pretty sure I just saw a big snake crawl around the roots of that tree there." It really proved to be the case. I soon impaled it with a sword that had been abandoned there earlier in the day. It was quite a large snake, about six feet long, and formidable-looking, but perfectly harmless. I don't wonder the men were restless, not knowing its nature, yet unable to move out of harm's way. At different times large hideous land-crabs would rustle out of the brush into the open, stop for a few moments and stare around, then scamper off sidewise into cover again. These creatures would come and go so suddenly that it seemed almost a nightmare. To make the surroundings more dismal and oppressive, great numbers of buzzards kept circling about overhead. Such happenings were sufficient to try the nerves even of the well and sound, yet never a murmur was heard anywhere along the line of the wounded. They all seemed resigned to their fate.

Some of the slightest wounds were the most fearful to look upon. During the early morning a gallant captain



CAPTAIN GEORGE J. NEWGARDEN, U.S.A.,
Regimental Surgeon 3d U. S. Cavalry, who established the Dressing-Station at "Bloody Ford," Santiago.

of cavalry was brought in by four men of his troop, perfectly limp, and evidently unconscious, or nearly so, with blood pouring down his face in perfect streams. At first glance it appeared to be all over with him. After examination it proved to be merely a glancing wound of the scalp, about two inches long.

After washing the mask of blood from his face, I recognized Captain Dodd of the very regiment I was on duty with. It was a very close call indeed. After dressing his wound and seating him under the bank, I had occasion to notice him several times. He was conscious, but quite dazed by the shock, and it was painful to see him from time to time try to get upon his feet in order to rejoin his troop, only to find he could not even stand steadily, then drop down again, with a look of thorough disgust with himself for his ill luck. As I told him later, he was a fortunate man not to be killed outright.

Men coming up from the rear would stop long enough to fill their canteens in the creek, and a number who were fortunate enough to possess smoking-tobacco voluntarily left it at the station for the comfort of the smokers among the wounded. Others left their pipes, perhaps their most valued possessions, and gave them up cheerfully. Very thoughtful were these acts indeed, and much appreciated by all. We were lucky enough to secure an abandoned camp-kettle and some coffee and sugar that had been left behind, and soon had good strong coffee boiling for the wounded and exhausted.

One wounded Cuban, an officer—who, by-the-way, was the only wounded one I saw—was carried in by four insurgents, and while I dressed his wound his four bearers were put to work building a shelter out of boughs and palm leaves, which they know so well how to construct, to protect the badly wounded from the sun and rain. Over this we placed shelter-tent canvas. This shady little spot was very soothing to them, for the heat was almost unbearable. Great numbers, after having their wounds dressed here, being able to walk, continued toward the hospital on foot. Later in the day the ambulances reached us, and we managed to keep them, as well as the wagons, full all the time. After dark, when the firing ceased for the day and no more men were being hit, was the first time that there was any empty space whatever in the station. Several who were mortally hit and could not be moved were made as comfortable as possible right where they were for the few short hours still remaining to them. On the 2d the firing recommenced, but the casualties were not so many, and our capacity was not strained. It was then we began to feel the fatigue resultant upon such a hard day's labor. We needed no rocking to sleep that night, though all we had was the wet ground and a rubber poncho. Hardly had we closed our eyes, however, when heavy firing began again. We were in a quandary, and could not imagine the meaning of it. It was not until daylight that we were enlightened, when we heard that the enemy had attempted a surprise by night, but met with heavy disaster. There was more firing on the morning of the 3d, but as our men were by that time in fairly good shelter on the firing-line, the casualties were very few, and we managed that day to clear the station completely. There were constant rumors of the fight starting again at any moment for the next two days, but on the 5th I received orders to rejoin my regiment, after abandoning the "Bloody Ford" station for good, and Dr. McCaw and myself, who were now alone with our few men, packed our traps and supplies, and were nothing loath to move on and up to the safe protection of the San Juan hills, where our regiments were encamped. Bloody Ford station had outlived its usefulness, and was henceforth a thing of the past. The waters of the creek glide on as smoothly as before the conflict, and—so peaceful look the surroundings—it is almost impossible to believe that such terrible scenes could have occurred there during those few short but eventful days.

George J. Newgarden.

BISMARCK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BISMARCK, the Man and the Statesman: Being the Reflections and Reminiscences of Otto, Prince von Bismarck. Written and Dictated by Himself after His Retirement from Office. Translated from the German under the Supervision of A. J. Butler, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

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LITERATURE

AN INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM

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THE case of "The Head of the Family," which Mr. Clyde Fitch and Mr. Leo Ditrichstein have "freely adapted from the German of L'Arronge," may be conveniently summed up in the case of the wig in which Mr. Crane plays the part of the Head. It is what a Tenth Avenue Mick would call a brick-top, and it is combed back from the forehead so sleekly that the path of every tooth of the comb is plain to be seen. In short, it is the wig of a German professor, and it is about as characteristic of the Columbia professor Mr. Crane impersonates as are the traits that go to make up his somewhat farcical character. The professor has a passion for travel, and knows by heart the times and tides of all vehicles of locomotion; but he has never ventured off the island of Manhattan, where he was born. The day of course arrives when he is obliged to make no less a journey than from the Grand Central Station to Utica. He gets up at the crack of dawn to make ready for the afternoon train, packs all his belongings, envelops himself in all the traveller's garments he has ever read about, and arrives at the station before the gate is opened. Overcome by fatigue and the heat of many garments, he falls asleep in the waiting-room, and of course is left. It is all very genial and amusing, but it belongs to the common or garden bourgeois German of farce as surely as the brick-top wig. In a simon-pure American play, such as Mr. Crane pretends to give, it simply won't wash. No doubt Mr. Fitch would argue that Columbia professors are all more or less freely adapted from the German. And as for expecting the brick-top of a German professor to wash— But we need not pursue the subject.

The Wig of the Head.

To the main idea of "The Head of the Family," however, the wig and the time-table are incidental; at bottom the professor and his family are American enough. The local color in the play is in strong contrast to that in Mr. Crane's previous venture at the Knickerbocker. In "Worth a Million" Mr. Presbrey showed us some such matter as the roof garden of the Astoria as seen from the shores of Hoboken. Mr. Fitch has taken us to the West Side of New York, where one may perhaps find more concentrated Americanism than in any other similar area, and has suggested certain social conditions with great subtlety and intimacy. His good professor, like so many fathers in this new and distracted life we lead, has had little or nothing to say about the bringing up of his children; and his wife, who, like so many newly rich American mothers, has become the head of the family, is more bent on the vanities of life than on its realities. She allows her youngest daughter's affections to be rather openly and shamelessly trifled with by a young man whose only recommendation is social smartness; and, piqued at her failure, she lets her humiliated daughter be persuaded to marry a worthy friend of the father's. Though the daughter does not at first love her husband, she soon learns to do so; but presently the old lover turns up, and her husband, convinced that he has been wronged, threatens such trouble that before things can be straightened out the good professor is obliged to assert himself, for the first time in his life, as the head of the family. The play is a study in the chaotic conditions of American family life. If the working out of this plot were as able as the conception, we should have a really great American play, wig or no wig. There is a good deal of superficial cleverness in the lines and considerable intelligence in the drawing of character, but I did not feel that the authors struck bottom anywhere, except in a passage at the end of the second of the three acts. Here the professor defends his daughter against her husband's false charges in a very stirring fashion, and brings the act to a close in a manner as true as it is dramatic. Though the play is not, as a whole, as well conceived as Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Meddler," it is as bright in dialogue, and is much better handled technically. It is therefore one of the two noteworthy American plays of the season.

A Social Study of the West Side of New York.

As for the people who stage and act the play, many complimentary adjectives could be sprinkled among them. I find, however, that, with two exceptions, I am able to resist the temptation. Mr. Walter Hale has the part of a somewhat underbred fellow, who talks in his cups, and manages to get into what he says an air of cumulative abandon that appeals to one strongly as true to the nature of whiskey and carbonic. Of Mr. Crane it is to be said that his part is admirably adapted to his manner. If one objects that the Adolph L'Arronge business is not handled with sufficient lubrication, Mr. Fitch would no doubt answer that the lubrication has been omitted also from the wig. For the rest, Mr. Crane is himself at his best, and most theatre-goers, no doubt with justice, prefer to have Mr. Crane at his best rather than anybody else they are not so well acquainted with—a sure-enough Columbia professor, for instance. And he is all very American—dry, shrewd, grotesque, amiably henpecked, for the most part, and wholesomely assertive when he has to be.

Miss Ada Rehan's impersonation of *Portia* has improved in repetition. The personal quality of her interpretation, I must say—though I scarcely hope to be pardoned for saying it—still does not seem to me particularly happy. The characters that in the past have marked the limits of her powers, *Peggy Thrift* and *Katherine*, different as they are in effect, have this in common, that they do not stand for any rare type of womanhood; and in "The Merchant" there are moments in which one regrets a certain lightness of comic effect. One misses, let us say, Miss Ellen Terry and the sweet personal dignity with which everything she does is imbued. It is all the more a triumph of histrionic power, however, that Miss Rehan rises above her personal equation as she does; and in these days when we have so much of mere personality on the stage, and so little intelligent art, the fact is especially to be commended. Almost any scene might serve as an example, and a few passages are especially to be noted. In the scene where *Bassanio* apostrophizes the caskets of gold, silver, and lead, Miss Rehan follows every change of thought with an unspeaking sympathy that runs the range of dramatic expression. Fear, suspense, hope, amusement, mirth, and finally the joy and triumph of love, are all shown with unmistakable power and with a transparency of impulse that is essentially Shaksperean. Then *Bassanio* chooses, and turns to her:

Again Miss Rehan as *Portia*.

"And here choose I, joy be the consequence." In the instant, with an effect at once comic and fine, *Portia* controls herself and answers with a dignity and modulation of feeling no less essentially Shaksperean than her previous impulses,

"How all the other passions fleet to air. . . .

"O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy." Such elaborations of scene, so minute in calculation, and yet so spontaneous in seeming, can only be the result of long and scholarly study, of patient training in expression. They give the play a variety of light and shade and a dramatic intensity that belong to the highest impersonative art. In the end, whatever personal disqualification may have been felt is forgotten. Every line teems with the dramatic suggestion and effects that belong to it. As a result, one comes face to face with as much or more that is truly Shaksperean than in the case of a less accomplished actress, however sympathetic her personal medium.

In the trial scene the effect of Miss Rehan's expression reaches its culmination. Many actresses, and among them the best, have been accustomed to enter the court-room with an air of conscious power, like a Daniel come to judgment, or like that painted Saint Michael, attributed perhaps wrongfully to Raphael, who slays the mediæval dragon of evil without ruffling a plume. This interpretation is simple, and is not without a sympathetic quality. Miss Rehan's conception is quite different. It has been said of her that she expresses doubt of the outcome of the suit, and anxiety for her friends. To my mind this statement is not exact, and I do not think the lines admit of such an interpretation. What she expresses is an effect of imagination—an awed sense of the magnitude of the issue, a womanly sympathy for *Antonio's* suffering, and a no less womanly horror of *Shylock*. This feeling subtly pervades every line. At the sudden sight of the knife, with which the *Jew* points to the wording of the bond she is holding, it rises to an acute agony of feminine dread, the effect of which is instantly transmitted to the audience. Such emotions are perfectly reconcilable with *Portia's* intellectual self-command and with her certainty of the final outcome. They give the scene an intensity of emotion more dramatic than any previous actress, to my knowledge, has given it. Because of this intelligence in conceiving dramatic effects and in expressing them, Miss Rehan's *Portia* not only marks the highest point yet attained in the development of her powers, but is absolutely the most original and interesting interpretation of the part of recent years.

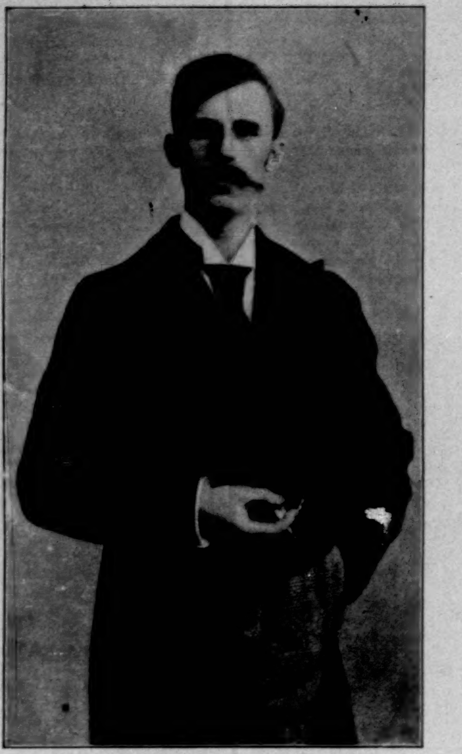
A new reading of the Trial Scene.

Mr. Herbert's *Shylock* still lacks force, both of imagination and of magnetism. It fails to express the primal malignity that seemed to prompt every thought of Booth's *Shylock*, and the lust of blood that filled every vein. Yet his excess in acting, due doubtless to a young

ADA REHAN AS *PORTIA* IN THE TRIAL SCENE OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Now playing at Daly's Theatre, New York.

Photograph by Zaida Ben-Yusuf.



WILLY BURMESTER,
Violinist.

actor's pardonable nervousness, has been subdued, and as an inevitable result he has gained in force. One is permitted to fix his attention on *Shylock's* face; and the play of emotion there gives a just and an adequate impression of the part. Mr. Herbert shows the same careful and intelligent training that has made Miss Rehan. Few managers could be as little desirous of praise as Mr. Daly, but we owe it to ourselves to recognize the hand that has given us these and so many others of the actors that have enriched the American stage.

Mr. Herbert and Mr. Daly.

JOHN CORBIN.

LONDON.

THERE has been, during the past few days, a considerable amount of energy spent in the denial of reports, said to have been confined to your side of the Atlantic, as to the unsuccess of "The Musketeers"—those of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The truth of the matter is that "The Musketeers," although a possible artistic mistake, is, for the time being, an equally undoubted box-office success. This is due to no virtue that there may be in "The Musketeers" as a play. "The Musketeers" never was nor ever will be a play. The best criticism of it as yet offered is that "one leaves it with a sense of something wanting. What that something is, maybe one cannot tell. Perhaps it is the harlequinade." There are two causes for this *succès d'ennui*, as Mr. William Archer would call it. It is, chiefly, a tribute to the power of the previous-paragraph (a power wielded with particular vehemence on this occasion) and to the stimulus afforded by the far better, if humbler, rival musketeer-melodrama at the Globe Theatre. It is, or rather was, also a tribute to the beauty of Mrs. Brown Potter. "The Musketeers" could depend for a considerable run on the presentation of Mrs. Brown Potter against so gorgeous a background, and in a part so completely suited to her serene lack of nature, her old-world dignity, and her agreeable glance. Strangely enough, perhaps on that very account, some jest of fortune has ordained that Mrs. Brown Potter should contract a chill, and that Mrs. Tree should take her place. Nobody could, of course, be less fitted for such a part than Mrs. Tree. Mrs. Tree can portray very admirably, in many fashions, the pathos of pained womanhood, but for a broad, daring, flamboyant effect, such as Miladi must achieve, her very talents unfit her. Her Miladi is a mere "artful hussy," a sort of court edition of Becky Sharp. Miss Lily Hanbury, who has taken Mrs. Tree's part of the Queen with an astonishing amount of command, even she, over-honeyed as her art is, would have been the better choice.

"Topsy-Turvy Hotel," for all it appears to have charmed New York, has quite failed to make its attractions felt in the circle of musical comedies now shouting one another down in London, and has been withdrawn from the Comedy Theatre. After all, with so many in the ring, a musical comedy, to be a success, needs now a far more substantial endowment of melody and personality than "Topsy-Turvy Hotel" possessed. It boasted Mr. John Le Hay (an amusing decorative comedian, but no central figure for a piece); one thoroughly spirited song, "The Boulevard de Paris"; an excellent and delicately gifted drawing-room singer, Mr. Maurice Farkoa; and one lady with a fresh charm, Miss Florence Collinghume. This was all very well, but it was not enough; that is all one can say. Another lesson taught by the comparative failure of this piece was the ill effect of noise and fury when they signify nothing. In "Topsy-Turvy Hotel," whenever the fun flagged, they shouted. And that sent people away with a headache.

The only new production of any importance during this week has been that of "Two Little Maids from School," at the pioneer suburban theatre in Camberwell. This is an adaptation by Mr. Robert Buchanan and "Charles Marlowe" (Miss Harriet Jay) of that bright comedy by Dumas *père*, "Les Demoiselles de St.-Cyr." The piece was a local success, but does not much honor Mr. Buchanan and profanes Dumas. Where the adapters have not slavishly translated the French they have vulgarized it. Miss Annie Hughes, the original "Sweet Nancy," played very prettily in the chief part. Mr. Buchanan made a speech after the first performance, regretting that there was no telegraph office in Elysium, and that so he could not communicate the news of the play's success to Alexander the Great.

There seems increasing prospect of London reversing the verdict of some American cities regarding "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," Mr. Anthony Hope's neat jewel of all too few facts. The third act tells to perfection as played here. Perhaps it may be that Miss Evelyn Millard's charm and discretion have gradually conjured us into self-deception. The other play by Anthony Hope, "When a Man's in Love," in which Mr. Edward Rose assisted him, has proved, at the Court Theatre, an immediate failure. It was very brilliant and quite insincere.

ARNOLD WHITE.

MUSIC

"The first century of the Christian era was a period of great musical activity; it witnessed the transplanting of the highest accomplishments of the Neo-Hellenic art to Rome. From all the nooks and crannies of European and Asiatic Greece the virtuosi, cheered by the certainty of success and profit, hastened to a city whose whole occupation seemed to be pleasure and festivities."—GEVAERT.

A Season to be Historic.

Is there not something strikingly contemporary in that picture of music in the Neronian Rome? Can we not fit every detail, save for changed proper names, to our own city and hour? Once or twice in the course of a season the kind of concert or of operatic representation which we hear so surpasses any of routine complexion that we realize it as a fragment of musical history wider than that of any pent-up Utica. Twice, or mayhap thrice, in a lifetime, a whole succession of months may possess the same vitality. New York is fast making such a chapter of musical history at this moment. For many years to come those "placid souls unstirred by envy's whip," those who know us best and love our professional garrulity most, are likely to be plagued and bored by our endless comparisons and our limitless vauntings of the golden glories of opera and concert—in nearly even balance—radiating during 1898-9. Moreover, the newest generation of critics, striplings whom we sometimes rebuke and oftener smile at, because of that happy-go-lucky way in which they have clapped on their hats and walked so jauntily into criticism—these confident professional recruits can no longer get quite the settings-down from us that they have had, and now and then need. To go through such a winter's music intelligently is to be armed with supreme comparisons as with mail. Let us change Steele's charming declaration and say that to hear well and to think well this winter should be "a check to loose criticism," and to love such a term is "a liberal education." Horace Walpole cynically cries out, "Anything but history; for history must be false." Much musical history is false enthusiasm. We cannot exaggerate enthusiasm for the best contents of the current weeks.

"Die Walküre" and Anton Van Rooy as *Wotan*.

There are three great Wagnerian bores. I do not mean those auditors of private station or of journalistic extravagance who have injured Wagner's nobility and beauty as a musician and a poet by telling us that Mozart and Rossini and Verdi are dust and ashes just because "Lohengrin" or "Parsifal" is so marvellously beautiful. There are not merely three, there are three thousand such citizens. No, I refer to a trio of worthies of Wagner's own creation and exploiting—*Wotan* the War-Father, *Fafner* the Dragon, and *King Mark*, who has quite another label. They are all solemn bores, in spite of the fact that *Wotan's* utterances when in the "Rheingold" and as the *Wanderer* in "Siegfried" are richly scored, and admitting that *Fafner* when alive and kicking amuses for five minutes—though he is insupportable in his dying. As for *King Mark*, that abused spouse preaches and maunders away on friendship for half an hour, and asks deep questions at four o'clock in the morning, amid sullen orchestration, till we wonder at nothing in *Isolde's* ill-considered behavior. I strongly incline to add to this dismal trio *Erda* and her music! Now this winter Mr. Grau purposes to give to all the faithful their Wagner without cuts. It is an injudicious practice, deprecated by Wagner himself, proved a mistake except in Baireuth conditions. Much good may it do those who do not care for bed when is in question a chance to hear one or two really strong episodes of the Ring, and some of the least enjoyable. In particular, the rich flow of *Wotan's* reminiscences is to be wholly unstayed, even if the clock hath stricken three. Now on Wednesday night of last week "Die Walküre" was presented, under conditions to enhance that loveliest drama of the Ring when the Cyclus comes. The production was one to remember. Mr. Schalk, the new conductor, proved himself a trustworthy and authoritative Wagnerian leader—one who should be able to save the effect of Mr. Grau's Wagner season from the *alla mancina* ways of Mancinelli. The *Siegmund* of Andreas Dippel showed how a pleasing German tenor can develop into a "heroic" one in his voice and art. Madame Nordica sang *Brünnhilde* with a breadth of feeling for the dramatic stature of the rôle that she did not exhibit two years ago. Madame Eames was so lovely

W. H. CRANE IN "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY,"
Now playing at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

voiced, so fair, and so Wagnerian a *Sieglinde* that there crystallized to this American artist only a new triumph out of all the uncertainty hanging about the effort until Madame Eames had made it. Miss Meisslinger is no ordinary artist; and as *Fricka* she was fine among the fine. The stage effects went far toward Wagnerian impossibilities, though let it be noted here that Mr. Baudu will do well to light the *Walkyrs'* ride less, and to use at least one gauze medium in the scene of the storm and the deaths of *Hunding* and *Siegmund*. But Mr. Anton Van Rooy's *Wotan* was the star, the pivotal performance of the evening. It was a revelation, doubtless, to hundreds, of the fact that a stately presence, magnificent voice, a most minutely studied delivery, a gift of operatic acting—by no means the same as that of the unmusical theatre—could make *Wotan* pleasing, and the central creation in "Die Walküre." Mr. Van Rooy's portrait in the part has already appeared in this journal. All *Wotan's* everlasting preachments to curious *Brünnhilde* in the second act, including that one beginning "Als junge Liebe," which by itself is over one hundred and sixty-five lines of text, with a liberal *résumé* of the Ring's "motives"—they were all sung, for the first time in New York. Mr. Van Rooy's exquisite management of the music (where it *is* musical), and especially his subdued treatment of it as declamation where it is really that article, captivated the house. The spell of a consummate Wagnerian barytone made delightful what nothing can keep from being a leaden bore. Later in the drama, Mr. Van Rooy more naturally carried everything before him, as *Wotan* should do, in such a scene of musical and histrionic inspiration as comes in the farewell to the erring *Walkyr*. It was love, passion, fate, music, and poetry together—the manner of his singing and phrasing and acting them. Thus for once have we been saved—as by fire—from the tedium of *Wotan's* woes. Whether the episode so favored is worth such pains let us not discuss now; but instead thank Mr. Van Rooy, and take courage and wonder whether Mr. Van Rooy can so mellifluously beguile us when *King Mark* does everything except draw his sword and act and talk like a musical conception and like a man.

Willy Burmester.

Practically New York received its third new conductor this year when Mr. Franz Kneisel, concert-master and accomplished virtuoso of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took its leadership in charge for the concerts of last Wednesday afternoon and Thursday evening. Mr. Gericke is still only a convalescent from his sudden illness, and must refrain from his work for a week or so. Mr. Kneisel, whom some of us have met before now as an assistant orchestral director at Worcester festivals and as busy in Boston concerts, is a thoroughly satisfactory leader. He can make himself an alternative career and a new reputation whenever he chooses. Mr. Kneisel is not a mere *chef d'orchestre*, promoted. He is a sensitive musician, intellectually and emotionally strong, certain in the technic of conducting; he is distinguished in the ranks of the finer violinists. The symphonies of the concerts were Schubert's in C major and Tschaikovsky's Fifth one, both played admirably, and Liszt's "Les Preludes" even more admirably. The programme introduced Mr. Willy Burmester, a violinist of particular note in Europe within a season or so. The German newspapers have said things out of all whooping about Mr. Burmester. He is a fine, manly young man in physique, who gives us (in rather queer contrast) a singularly delicate, pure, aqueous, feminine tone—the tone that is absolutely delightful in a drawing-room—and as a general result of his training and *genre* comes infinite elegance of skill in the graces of the bow and the fingers. Burmester's art is perfect—if measured by square centimetres. Even in playing Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto and that great one by Beethoven—the Opus 61—let us not deprecate such a style. There is much crude "breadth," raw "vigor," scraping "virility," and so on, among violinists, which ill disguise their rasping and imperfect sense of beauty in violinism. Mr. Burmester's quality is, for the moment, pleasing, even if in Beethoven, and percolating about the stately waste of Carnegie Hall. He reminds us that "almost all art is an amiable weakness," and we are willing to be so admonished.

Of Cuts in Holy Scores.

Speaking above of Beethoven's Violin Concerto and of Schubert's finest symphony, as well as of our present burden in hearing Wagnerian partitions, reminds me of a suggestion that may make the delicate souled shiver. But it has its appeal to modern ideas of proportion and time. Why begin the Beethoven Concerto at the beginning? Why not frankly cut nine-tenths of the first movement, with its endless repetitions and developments, and start the orchestra where the characteristic theme last recurs, just before the solo instrument enters? The first movement is indeed beautiful; but it is interminable. Beethoven lost his sense of proportion in that, as he did in nothing else as important from him. Musicians do not hesitate to dismiss "repeats" in his sonatas, and in the Schubert symphony named, and in other great and valuable works that are almost indefensibly diffuse. I shall look with affection on the conductor who makes a good long cut in the opening of the Beethoven Violin Concerto; who introduces a lesser one in Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido" air; who consummates a real editorial condensation of Schubert's C major symphony; and who (last but not least) judiciously compresses to limits of truer art Wagner's tiresome trick of saying great things over and over. We need not regulate music by a stop-watch. A symphony concert is not to be given as one boils eggs. But much great music is like the beard of Polonius.

Interesting Incidents Abroad.

The musical winter abroad is one of somewhat more than normal brilliancy of incident. In Italy have been produced within a few weeks several new operas by Italy's bright young men of distinction, including the "Stella" of Camillo de Nardis and the "Fedora" of Giordano (composer of "Andrea Chenier"), each having its première at Milan, as also the "Arlesiana" of Cilea. At Rome has been sung Mascagni's "Iris," so long promised. The last seems to be the least excellent. In Paris there has been no new operatic or concert work to mark the new season, though important novelties and valuable revivals are in preparing. The great incident, however, is the opening of the new Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique, at last, with "La Dame Blanche" as a suitable choice from the repertory, and a most august audience.

The Paris Opera Comique proves in its rich completeness quite as elegant a structure as could be wished. It has cost a pretty penny, and in erection it has dragged interminably. It ought to be good. But when I saw its interior, by special permission, last year, I was struck by its promise of over-decoration, its cramped auditorium and fatiguing seats, its dubious chance of possessing a properly lighted stage (that rarest boon in France, where few stages have any decent system of illumination), and its Parisian fussery. The placing of the building, to oegin with, is undignified and huddled. Of course it is a handsome theatre, and M. Carré will give it a fine musical policy. But what a pity that it is not more perfect! It is curious that the old Opéra Comique ended existence in a hideous tragedy of fire, and the new one's ghostly façade looked down on a political riot on the first night, when a Dreyfus-Picquart mob attacked their rulers and threw mud at the new municipal edifice.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

A Merry Christmas, Dewey! Here's looking at you, man.
You've shown yourself a hero on the good old-fashioned plan.
May Santa Claus find time, sir, to take his pack and go
Out there, and smiling crown you with a wreath of mistletoe.

A Merry Christmas, Sampson! You are another chap
That stands before his people with a feather in his cap;
And Santa won't forget you; he has written down your name,
And soon will fill your stocking with an everlasting fame.

A Merry Christmas, Teddy! you and all your Riders Rough;
You seem to be the steady and the proper sort of stuff.
Keep on your roughish riding, do not let your spirits sag,
And Santa Claus will see that you're provided with a nag.

A Merry Christmas, you-uns that stood behind the guns!
The world is full of grateful love for him who never runs.
A merry Christmas to you too, ye chaps with hearts of gold,
Who never flagged an instant while stoking in the hold!

God bless you all, ye heroes, on the land or on the sea.
Your people's hearts are with you wherever you may be,
And in this time of peace on earth, ye fellows tried and true,
The happiest kind of Christmas every one is wishing you.

John Kendrick Bangs.

JEANNE D'ARC.

In advance of the actual canonization of Jeanne d'Arc as a saint of the Roman calendar, the feeling that a secular festival and holiday should be accorded the memory of France's greatest heroine gains ground everywhere. A law came before the Senate to decree May 8 as the formal annual anniversary. It has been decided, however, that there will be no celebrations till the May of 1899 or 1900, in order that the first occurrence may "find the country less disturbed by elections, citizens forgetful of small differences, and a suitably imposing programme adjusted." The burning of Jeanne occurred in 1431.

To-day, after nearly five centuries of neglect and obscurity, few figures of past French history and glory are growing more definite in the minds of the rising generation. The statues to Jeanne are going up by the dozens, all over France. The mere item of pilgrimages to the peaceful little hamlet of Domrémy (not a specially accessible place even from such relatively near centres as Nancy, Troyes, or Langres—all on the western France railway circuit) is significant of the devotion of the people to the mystic Pucelle.

THE WEST INDIES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

WEST-INDIAN FRUIT AND BRITISH MARKETS.

Why should not England enjoy West-Indian fruit? Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania have already successfully commenced to ruin English orchards by cheapening the fruit of temperate climates, and as yet we are only in "the days of small things." Blackmore, the novelist, has been growing fruit in England for market for some twenty years, but not long ago he presented the result of his lengthened experiments, and the conclusion of it all was that he had lost money by his fruit, but had gained a great deal of instructive amusement out of the cultivation. The colonial fruit-producer does not care much about instructive amusement as interest on his capital, and so he sends to "the old country" the harvests of his orchards, selected with the utmost judgment, picked with the greatest care, and packed with the utmost skill, and receives as his reward high prices for them in sordid pounds, shillings, and pence. "Colonel" North, the once notorious "Nitrate King," gave at his country place, in one of the great fruit-producing counties of England, a luncheon to some acquaintances with whom he wished to stand well, and was much surprised to find himself ridiculed afterwards for having at luncheon given his guests a dessert collected from Canada and the Antipodes, and after the meal, taking them for a stroll round his own fruit-gardens and hot-houses, to show them to what perfection the same dessert can be grown in England. But, after all, it is for the middle class and the lower in Great Britain that the cheap-fruit question is of greatest importance, and the colonies have long ago been assured that they cannot send home too much. Meanwhile, the British

(Continued on page 1276.)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[Adv.]

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

The inspectors of the factories where the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is produced have access at all times to the dairymen's premises, with authority to exact every sanitary precaution. Such care results in a perfect infant food.—[Adv.]

"A CLEVER CHOICE."

From the fashionable Game of Questions: "Which is your preferred perfume? Acknowledge your preference." The lovely Miss Maud reflected an instant, and suddenly her large blue eyes brightened, her slender white hand traced without hesitation on the page: "First, it is the Funkia du Japon, flower of dreams and poetry; second, because it furnishes to Oriza-Legrand a most subtle and penetrating perfume, to which he has left the attractive name of the flower," and the practical little miss looked altogether satisfied at her reply.—[Adv.]

Good alike for old and young; good alike for all seasons—Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters. —[Adv.]

No Christmas Table is complete without Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the finest appetizer. —[Adv.]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[Adv.]

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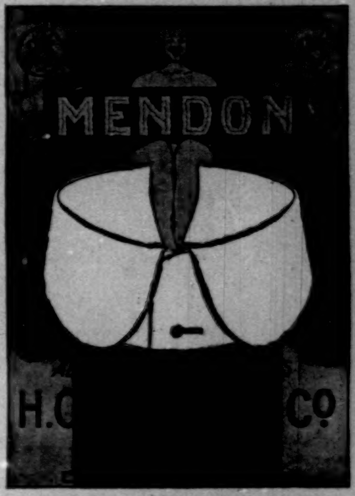

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THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

(*Continued from page 1275.*)

public has been acquiring a taste not only for its own familiar fruits out of season, but for exotic products.

The first notable conquest was made by the tomato. I quite remember the time when tomatoes were a luxury. But within the last few years London has been so abundantly supplied with them that they sell for a penny a pound, or, if you buy a case of a few dozen, for less. They are grown on the Continent, and reach England most symmetrically packed, all of a size, in tissue-paper, but of a pallid, unwholesome color (without a touch of the true bright tomato scarlet), that is due, I am told, to their being ripened in their boxes by artificial means, and with scarcely any tomato flavor. But the artisan class took to them wonderfully; and not only may men be seen standing eating them by the side of the venders' stalls, but trucks laden with boxes of tomatoes ply regularly in the cheapest streets.

The next alteration in the street fruit trade was the appearance of the banana, or plantain, from the Canary Islands. Messrs. Elder, Dempster, & Co., the firm that controls this trade, is of opinion, so I see from the papers, that in England only the better classes have as yet to be educated up to the banana; but I know that at one point, at any rate, in London—round the Liverpool railway station—the banana-truck is very much in evidence, and the purchasers are certainly not of "the upper classes." The fruit is small and poor in flavor, and (perhaps because he never sees them fresh) the artisan has come to suppose that bananas should be eaten over-ripe. The coster-monger himself seems to be of the same opinion, for he ostentatiously peels portions of selected fruit to prove to intending purchasers that his wares are honestly half rotten. But there need be no doubt about the fruit being popular, and, as with the tomato, the country cannot have too many of them fresh; and the more the banana trade expands, the better for the working-classes. When they once become fam[illegible] this excellently wholesome fruit in a proper ea[illegible]ndition, it will, I predict, be just as great a favor[illegible]n Great Britain as it is in the United States.

After the banana came the pineapple, and, at a halfpenny a slice, it is in many parts of London a formidable rival of ice-cream in the fancies of office-boys and juvenile workers in general. But I do not think the trade is worth any serious attempt to popularize it. As it is, pineapples are sufficiently cheap. I have often bought one for a shilling quite good enough for making pineapple ices, for flavoring cups, or adding a grace to a macedoine.*

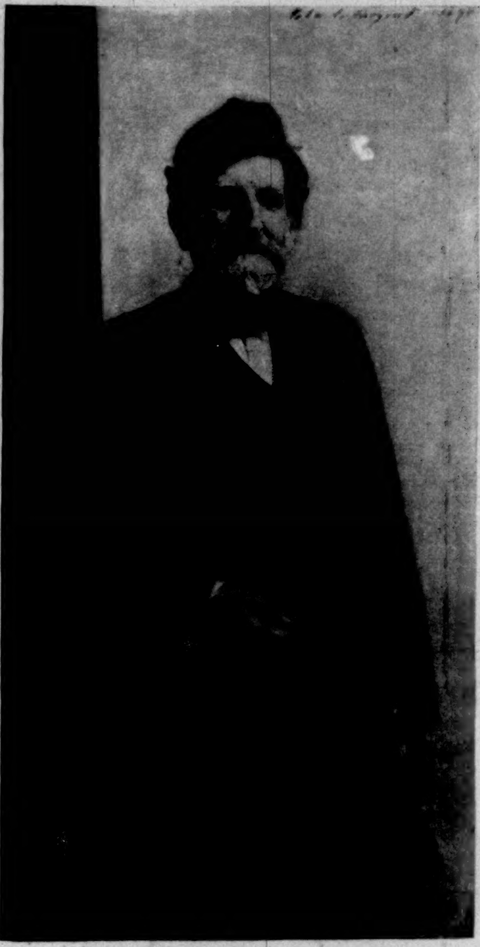
But, after all, such occasional uses will hardly suffice to make that fruit a "popular" one. That phrase, I fancy, must be reserved for the present for bananas, oranges, and cocoanuts. Oh, 'Arry, spending your 'oliday on 'Ampstead 'Eath, think of an island where you get for a penny, not "three shies" with a stick at a cocoanut, but three cocoanuts! What an eternity of Aunt Sally the vision opens up to your cockney mind! This morning, in front of my window, a black urchin ran up a palm-tree like a spider-monkey and threw down half a dozen nuts to his big friend below, who with his machete chopped off the ends and bored holes almost as quickly as a barman opens you an oyster, and there the two blackamoors stood, with their faces flat up to the sky, guzzling the sweet milk. When each had emptied a couple they drew their hands across their mouths, picked up another nut apiece, and strolled away. Stealing them? I suppose so. But what kind of theft is it when everybody sees you stealing and nobody seems to mind? It was only cocoanuts, after all. There were ten millions exported from Jamaica alone last year, and if there had been ships to carry them, there might have been fifty millions. The bulk of them, as indeed of all West Indian fruit, went to the United States, but there are indications that the coming changes in what were "the Spanish West Indies" are already beginning to affect the course of trade, and the West Indian fruit-grower, apprehensive of the approaching danger, seems to be turning in anxiety from the markets of America to those of England. The next few months will see trial shipments from several of the islands, and probably before the New-Year arrangements will have been made for commencing in 1902 or 1903 a regular fruit trade with "the mother-country." Naturally enough, the British West Indies are looking forward with great concern to the day when Cuba and Puerto Rico may shut them off from the American consumers, who hitherto have been their best customers. But whether the new trade that is to be opened up with England is to be in British or American hands is still a question to be decided. In some quarters it is taken for granted that the enterprise will be exclusively British, or indirectly encouraged, if not actually subsidized, at first, by the British government. But this I venture to think is a gratuitous assumption. The allied American fruit companies and other American West Indian syndicates are not at all likely to allow a vast trade to develop under their eyes without sharing in it. Nor is Captain Baker, for example, the kind of man to let the Jamaican fruit trade pass out of his hands simply because, in the natural course of events, the market is shifted from the United States to England. Indeed, I shall be very much surprised if the West Indies, Jamaica especially, do not in the future find that, as in the past, their best friends are Americans. That England should advantage by the products of her colonies in having a constant, abundant, and cheap fruit-supply is what no one can grudge her, but, all the same, it looks to me as if the control of the trade that is to be will remain in the hands that control the trade that now is.

PHIL ROBINSON.

* And here just a word as to a macedoine. Never mind what cookery books tell you. All their mixtures are abominations. Do this, and if your disposition is naturally grateful, thank me. Take a pineapple and a basket of strawberries; cut the former into dice, the latter into halves, and put them with a couple of glasses of noyau into the ice-chest for half an hour. Take out the dish, sift sugar over it, pour half a pint of whipped cream upon it, and eat it.

CALVIN S. BRICE.

THE sudden death in New York, on December 14, of Calvin Stewart Brice, brought to an end the life of a typically successful American—a life distinctive in ambition and achievement. The son of the poor clergyman of an Ohio village, Mr. Brice earned his education at Miami University, fought through our civil war, and at its close commenced the practice of law in Lima. He became at once identified, first as legal adviser and afterwards as financial director, with many growing railroad properties, notably the old Lake Erie and Louisville road, and his executive skill in the manipulation of such interests made him a striking and important figure in the world of finance. The field of his commercial operations extended far beyond the boundaries of the United States, and he



CALVIN S. BRICE.
Born, September 17, 1845. Died, December 14, 1898.
From the Painting by John S. Sargent.

leaves behind him a fortune estimated in the millions, representing the reward of resistless energy and wonderfully sagacious alertness.

In politics Mr. Brice was a Democrat of national prominence. He served for a time as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and in 1891 was elected to the United States Senate from his native State.

In 1870 he married Miss Catherine Olivia Meily, who survives him, as do also five children, the eldest of whom, Stewart Meily Brice, served as a captain in the Spanish war, and is at present a member of the municipal council of this city.

A CHRISTMAS SNOWFLAKE.

THE snowflake is the ghost of summer's bee—
It drifts unto Her cheek and there reposes
And sighs with joy: "The winter's May to me
When winter boasts such dainty Christmas roses."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

MANILA.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

THE CLIMATE AND THE PEOPLE.

THOSE of us who have spent weeks in the swamps and bamboo thickets, and, since the capitulation, have been confined to the limits of the military occupation, have about as much idea of the country, of the people, and of the general condition of life in these islands as an immigrant has of the State of New York when, after a sojourn on Ellis Island, he lands in the great metropolis, and finds language, dress, architecture, habits of life, entirely different from what he is accustomed to. With the exception of a single work on these islands, there has been no recent publication, either in book form or in newspaper or magazine articles, which gives the reader an adequate idea of the subject. The unanimous testimony of the authors whose descriptions were so carefully studied by every one during the long voyage across the Pacific is against the climate. Their writings are full of accounts of the discomforts of life here, of the noxious reptiles and insects, and of the dangers of fever and other illnesses. One must believe, after reading half a score of articles, that the Philippines are a region to be avoided, that the traveller takes his life in his hands when he lands on these shores. The literature on the Micronesia is absolutely misleading, with the exception of the book above referred to, written by John Foreman; and the experience of thousands of Americans who have landed here this year, most of them living under conditions little calculated to endear one to the place, will undoubtedly show that a false impression has been given of the Philippines, which it will take some time to correct.

First as to the climate. The temperature from July to September did not vary more than 10°, day or night. My own thermometer registered once or twice as high as 88°, but never lower than 78°, except possibly in camp during one of the severe rain-storms at night, when I was unable to see the mercury. For two or three weeks before the assault the weather was indescribably bad, with frequent violent rain-storms and a long and heavy monsoon.

But it must be remembered that we were under canvas, in a swampy tract of land, and suffered more from the bad weather than we would have done elsewhere. The Englishmen in business, many of whom have spent from twenty to thirty years here, agree that it is the most delightful climate imaginable; that there is an endurable hot spell in the spring, but that the rest of the year is agreeable, particularly during the autumn and winter, when the average temperature is a few degrees lower than it is now, and the air seems more invigorating. As for the pests of insect life and the noxious reptiles we heard so much about, I have been away up country, have slept in all sorts of places, and have mingled with various classes of people, but have never suffered any inconvenience more annoying than that of mosquitoes, which are not particularly active or aggressive. The natives are exceedingly clean, and their huts are generally marvels of neatness. They are intelligent, bright, ready to learn, quick to acquire mechanical skill, and capable of intellectual development up to a certain point. The standard of education among them is, I am assured, very high, no less than eighty-six per cent. of the people knowing how to read and write. This figure seems exaggerated, but in my brief but comparatively varied experience here I have not yet had dealings with any native who could not write. They are diligent, frugal, and apparently contented; the women are treated with great consideration; they take great care of their children, and have a certain dignity and self-respect, particularly observable in the provinces, which are rather impressive. Exceedingly hospitable by instinct and tradition, it is a delight to travel among them, and if they are treated with justice I am convinced they are loyal and reliable servants. It is not difficult to see, however, that their amiable manners cover a disposition capable of any treachery or cruelty, and that if you scratch a native you will find a pure Malay. The revolutionists and all their leaders are from the lower classes of the population, not one among the active chiefs of the insurrection being of that stratum of Philippine society which calls itself, and with reason, cultivated. There are two or three hundred men prominent in business and in the professions who have received university educations, and who have travelled and know the world. Not one of these men has given any important aid to the revolution, although they all sympathize with the cause, which has for its chief purpose freedom from Spanish misrule. Now that it is comparatively certain that Spain will no longer have a foothold here, these men are coming fast to the front, and declare, as openly as they dare, that they are in favor of an American protectorate, because they are positive their people are incapable of self-government. The mass of the insurgents are bent on having the revolutionary government recognized, and this burning question will continue to agitate the country until the decision of the Paris Commission.

It is seldom that a landscape so beautiful to the eye suggests in such a stimulating degree possibilities of development, fairly enchanting the commercial and speculative mind. The great fertility of the soil and the extraordinary luxuriousness of the vegetation give the landscape a wealth of varied color which I have never before seen equalled. The general aspect of the country is by no means tropical. If one looks closely enough he will discover among the trees the little brown native huts, and here and there will be seen a feathery bamboo or a broad-leaved plantain; but for many miles around Manila the landscape resembles that of a fine valley somewhere on the continent of Europe, among mountains which do not rise above the line of vegetation.

Immense rice-fields on the broad plain north of the town stretch away to grand mountain ranges on either side like immense wheat-fields in the Northwest. A little further north the sugar-cane is cultivated, and then the cocoa-palm appears. A hundred miles or so north of Manila the country is quite different and much more tropical in appearance, on account of the groves of palm-trees and the great plantations of bananas. Still further north is the wonderful tobacco country, now almost inaccessible from the south on account of the high mountain ranges. The product is brought to Manila by steamers, but if the railway is extended over a low pass into the great tobacco valley in the northeastern province of Cagayan the shipment of this and other produce will be much facilitated. Not far from Manila, only two hours' trip in a steam-launch up the river Pasig, is the large lake, Laguna de Bay—one of the most beautiful sheets of water imaginable. It is surrounded for two-thirds of its extent with high mountains, some of them of the conventional volcanic shape, but other peaks as grand in line as any in the world.

There is a highly fertile region all around, with a large and active population, and there are various summer resorts, hot springs, marvellous canyons and waterfalls, and several large country houses on immense estates close to the lake. From the eastern shore of the great sheet of water, which is perhaps twenty miles across at its widest part, it is but a dozen miles or so to the ocean, and from the summit of the ridge which divides the fresh waters from the salt the great expanse of the Pacific is overlooked, and the bold summits of the coast range of mountains vanishing north and south in the distance. Under a proper government these islands would be the most charming region of the tropics. Of the commercial development of the archipelago I need not speak, because it has been often discussed. Without any doubt there are great possibilities here, and plenty of openings for the investment of capital and the exercise of energy and enterprise. More encouraging opportunities certainly do not now exist in the world, for the Spanish system of government has completely isolated this portion of their possessions from the influences which have so transformed the colonies of other nations, and the ground so long fallow is ready, even eager, for the seed.

F. D. MILLET.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1899 will probably not include a Harvard-Princeton game, and it probably will include one between Harvard and Univ. of Penn. It seems to me that, in the light of some of the experiences and revelations of this year, the arrangement for next year is eminently fair. Univ. of Penn. played a sportsmanlike game from first to last, through a season replete with trials of more than usual vexatiousness. The attitude of her coach, her graduate advisers, and her players in the face of a defeat, which she suspected might bear significantly on her future football relationship, was incomparable and manly.

On the other hand, the conduct, during the Yale-Princeton game at Princeton, of some of Princeton's coaches and old players, who swarmed unbidden and forbidden upon the side-lines, jarred most unpleasantly upon the nerves of the assembled sportsmen, among whom many were Harvard men. It is true the offenders were only a few, but they were adequate in numbers and sufficient in misbehavior to create prejudice. The sportsmanship of Princeton's alumni advisers is patent and unquestioned, but some means of controlling over-zealous coaches and hot-headed "old-player" spectators must be devised, not only at football but at baseball games, else Princeton will lose her rank in the estimation of sportsmen.

I have no doubt whatever that had Princeton equalled at Princeton the sportsmanly bearing exhibited by Univ. of Penn. at Cambridge, a Harvard-Princeton game would be on the '99 list of fixtures. All sportsmen, irrespective of university affiliations, will endorse Harvard's reasons for her choice, and commend the healthful spirit of sport for sport's sake which her action suggests. ". . . . if you win or if you lose . . . . be each, pray God, a gentleman."

INTER-COLLEGIATE POLITICIANS are waxing mysterious, and, according to the prophets, the boating season of '99 promises a literal labyrinth of agreements and stipulations and racing. Recently the sporting columns of the daily newspapers have quite bristled with alleged "ultimatums" from Cornell, and threats of all manner of dire happenings in the event of somebody not doing something upon which somebody else insists. The undergraduate correspondents must have their fling—sometimes abetted by heavier-witted though less courageous elders—and no doubt it all lends the interest of controversial excitement to a season largely given over to holiday feeding and mental lassitude.

Sportsmen need not despair. There is at least occasion for encouragement in the confident, not to say prescient, assurance of the politicians that Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Univ. of Penn., and Columbia will probably put crews on the water next year, as usual. Even at this moment, indeed, preparations for the boating season are going forward, with obvious indifference to the mental anguish and unwonted activity the politicians are enduring in the collaboration of ultimatums and schedules pleasing to their friends.

WHILE THE POLITICIANS ARE CHATTERING and scribbling, meantime, let us have a look at the situation from a more disinterested and perhaps less violent view-point. Harvard and Yale will have their eight-oared 'varsity boat-race—that is a surety, and will be always. If her ill-advised and over-enthusiastic friends do not wreck her chances, Harvard and Yale would not be adverse to admitting Cornell to their race. Not that a championship is involved, but a three-cornered race is not too cumbersome to handle nicely, and Cornell is assuredly a worthy boating rival. Probably, however, neither Harvard nor Yale will consent to entering a 'varsity race for which the entries exceed three; what they might do with their Freshman is another matter.

It is also more than likely, I think, and certainly so I hope, that Harvard and Yale will decide to row upon our classic course—the Thames. It would be too bad indeed were the college year deprived of the inspiriting scenes and the happy reunions annually witnessed at New London. It is the only boating event we have approaching the charm of Henley—let us preserve it.

APART FROM SENTIMENT, the Thames is more satisfactory than the Hudson to practise and to race on, despite its single bend, which really amounts to nothing, and the climate of New London and environs is better to train on than that obtaining at Poughkeepsie in June. The Hudson course is undoubtedly better for the spectators, but not for university men or the crews. All the reminiscent and classic university atmosphere is dissolved at Poughkeepsie, as it is at Saratoga, and instead we have simply an important boating event, which attracts special trains and countless hundreds of spectators, that overflow all vantage-points during the race and immediately after melt away—crews, coaches, old oars, college men, and spectators generally—leaving naught of their personality and interests stamped upon the surroundings.

THE DISPOSITION OF CORNELL in the boat-racing of next year depends, in my judgment, to a very considerable extent on her conception of her real interest and purpose, and, in recognition of the existing situation, a conservative expression of her desires. Cornell may elect to row Univ. of Penn. and Columbia at Poughkeepsie, or even at Saratoga, and utter no wish to enter the Harvard-Yale race at New London; or she may put one crew on the Hudson and another on the Thames; or she may take Univ. of Penn. and Columbia over to the Thames, and thus in two three-cornered races give the New London week additional air of inter-collegiate racing.

Cornell will very properly not again attempt two races in the one season with the same crew. In refusing to entertain such an idea all fair-minded men will uphold her. If she looks well into her future position in American boating, she will also not lower her standard of effort and endurance by reducing the 'varsity race from four to three miles. Nor is she likely, as her talkative friends insist she will, to issue demands on Harvard and Yale with relation to five-cornered boat-races, or to make rowing arrangements dependent upon agreements in other sports. The only questions open to discussion are two: first, whether Cornell believes she can, out of her abundant material, maintain two 'varsity crews; second, if not, whether her interests and desires will be best served by entering the one crew against Harvard and Yale, or against Univ. of Penn. and Columbia.

Those are the only questions undecided, and their settlement rests entirely with Cornell.

Discussion of All-America eleven, continued from last week.

IT IS PRETTY HARD LINES on Corwin and Dudley and Durston that the combination of desperately hard luck, hurts that healed slowly, and uncertain management should have so completely shut them out of prominence in the season's summary. The football possibilities of these three are as brilliant as those of any half-backs in the country.

The handling of the Yale team this year was entirely in keeping with the semi-professional spirit that brought the men together for a considerable preliminary training season. The continuous work knocked the men to pieces, just as it used to do Univ. of Penn.'s, and the spirit of sport for its own sake fell before the urgent demands of a management that cared so little for the splendid traditions of Yale as to lower the tone of her sport and of her men by paying them board for an extra training season.

The spirit of the preliminary training season is contemptible; it is an attempt to get the better of your opponent by taking unusual practice—by practising in vacation-time for contests that are to come during term-time.

It is not the mode of sportsmen. That Yale fell a victim this year to its blandishments is indication of how far the new régime at New Haven has departed from the old and commendable and sportsmanly traditions of Yale. Let us hope for a return of the old order next year.

OF FULL-BACKS ELIGIBLE to the All-America team, Romeyn and Reid unquestionably excel all the others in the requirements of the position, although there are several good ones West in O'Dea, Caley, and Slaker; and East, great possibilities, I should say, in Outland. Reid is a stronger line-bucker than Romeyn, and it is said he is also a punter of distinct ability; but because of the West-Pointer's unquestioned strength in punting, his occasional scoring on goals, and also his strong running game, I consider him to be the man required.

Neither is there slightest hesitancy in picking Dibblee for the captain of the All-America team and for one of its backs. His quality of play since first he went to Harvard has been always of high class. He is one of the strongest men carrying a ball through a broken field that the game has developed, and, as a captain, ends his football career as one of the most competent and painstaking Harvard ever had. For the other half-back no man, in my judgment, is so fitted to stand alongside Dibblee as McBride. This is my deliberate judgment in the face of a majority probably disagreeing with me. McBride's standard of play is established too firmly to permit of him being overlooked because of a physical hurt that would have laid most men off altogether. And a man who can play, with a ruptured knee ligament, as hard and as well as did McBride is the man I want on my national team when he is fit and well. He has been really incapacitated all season, playing when he should have been on the side-lines, and his work, therefore, was far below his form. A short rest would speedily put him in shape. His great strength on the defensive, his fierce line-bucking, and his punting make him (despite his usual position being at full), next to Dibblee, the strongest half-back in college football.

THERE ARE SEVERAL STRONG HALF-BACKS, and the West puts forth three candidates for honors in Widman and McLean of Michigan, and Henry of Chicago. In the East, those whose work was most noticeable were, besides the men already named, Warren (Harvard), Waldron and Humphreys (West Point), Richardson (Brown), Cayou and Metoxen (Carlisle), Beardsley (Princeton), C. Young (Cornell). Of these Warren is quite the first, with Richardson second, and the West Point pair following; Widman comes next. Outland of Univ. of Penn., whom I should play at half rather than full back, is a stronger and more certain ground-gainer than any of these save Warren, and there is not much to choose between them on that score. On end-running Outland is the most brilliant of the lot. I prefer a more certain man on handling kicks, and therefore choose Warren as substitute back. Reid I should put in the other substitute half-back place, instead of at full-back, where O'Dea appears to be the strongest substitute available. Not only because of that goal from mid-field, for a single great play amounts to little in sizing up a candidate for national honors, else might Outland have a place for his clever running against Cornell, and Burnett for his long goal against Univ. of Penn—but on general play during the season. Kafer (Princeton) showed possibilities; with proper time for practice, he would, I fancy, be one of Princeton's best backs; he is a hard player, and safe.

THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION of Daly's right to the quarter-back position on the All-America eleven; his generalship, tackling, catching, running back kicks, and punting raise him above any other possible candidate. Kromer is second choice, and a stronger player in the position is rarely seen; he passes the ball quickly and safely, handles kicks well, runs strongly, and tackles hard. There would be no need of alarm were he to replace Daly in a hypothetical game in which the All-America team was engaged.

De Saulles was another of Yale's unfortunates whom injury kept from playing even within hailing distance of his established form, but even at the best this clever quarter has shown he must, unless revealing further development, have taken third place on the season's ranking. Daly quite surpassed him in punting, catching, and in the possibilities of his position, and Kromer, though perhaps not so clever in handling the ball, was equally so in running in on punts, more so in kicking, and a stronger, harder runner to stop.

CERTAINLY ELY, THE PLUCKY CHAP, deserves high credit for his work, not only under the circumstances, but because of its real excellence. To a lesser degree he had the Yale tendency to fumble; but his handling of the ball was very good, his defensive work clever and strong, and his two runs with the ball as brilliant as any seen this year. That one of them was done with a splintered rib indicates, in a measure, the spirit and nerve of this young man. Had Ely been put in at the very beginning of the Princeton game, it is my belief Yale would have won. A great deal of the fumbling was due to the unsteadiness which De Saulles's poor work, incident to a crippled condition,

B. H. DIBBLEE,
Harvard, Captain and Half-back.

C. D. DALY,
Harvard, Quarter-back.

C. A. ROMEYN,
West Point, Full-back.

M. L. McBRIDE,
Yale, Half-back.

T. T. HARE,
Univ. of Penn., Guard.

THE STAR GUARD AND THE BACK FIELD OF THE '98 ALL-AMERICA TEAM.

imparted to the team. There was a marked improvement instantly Ely went into the place. But the mischief had already been done.

Duncan for Princeton did excellent all-round work in his position, being serviceable rather than brilliant; apparently he is a good dependable quarter. Hudson of the Carlisle team is a thoroughly good man, additionally valuable because of his kicking, but in the finer points of the game, and especially on the defensive, he is somewhat behind the others. There were no other quarters East or West up to the All-America standard.

Thus with the line-bucking and kicking of McBride and Romeyn (the one a left-foot and the other a right-foot kicker), the gains of Dibblee through broken fields, the generalship and running back of punted balls by Daly, and the well-known aggressive attack and determined defence of all four, I feel that the back field of this year's national team is the strongest, from an all-round point of view, I have yet had the privilege of choosing.

MORE THOROUGHLY GOOD MATERIAL, better drilled, more perfectly master of the details of the position, was in evidence at centre this season than is usual. Yet the year ends without giving us any one name so illustrious as to class with those great centres of the past—Corbin (Yale) and Lewis (Harvard). There was not a weak centre on the larger '98 'varsity teams, and but little to choose among Cunningham (Michigan), Overfield (Univ. of Penn.), Jaffray (Harvard), while only slightly below these were Dorner (Cornell), Burnett (Harvard), Cutten (Yale), and Booth (Princeton). Had Jaffray played through the second half of either the Univ. of Penn. or the Yale games, and his work maintained the level of the first half, his place on the national team would have been secured.

As it is, his play has been somewhat a feature of the season; his activity, immense strength, and height (6 ft. 4 in.) make him one of the most formidable opponents that ever lined up. The fact that Overfield, so outweighed and so outmuscled by this giant vis-à-vis, yet kept his point of the line from becoming a "weak spot," conveys some idea of the capabilities of Overfield as a centre rusher. Overfield, in fact, is more learned in the *finesse* of centre play than any one of the candidates, and at all times is an active, tireless player.

But in the game of to-day, other things being fairly equal, weight of centre counts heavily, and for that reason centre position on the All-America team goes to Cunningham, who knows the game about as well as Overfield, and is heavier and stronger.

GOOD GUARDS HAVE BEEN PLENTIFUL this year, and one, Hare (Univ. of Penn), attained the right to be ranked with Heffelfinger (Yale), that first mighty exponent of the possibilities of a powerful, active, and heady guard. And neither Heffelfinger nor any other man ever gave such an exhibition of physical strength and magnificent line-bucking as did Hare in the Harvard game. He was practically the only man that could make any impression on Harvard's great defence, and time after time he was sent into the line and even around the ends. Indeed, Hare seemed always to be the man with the ball. He was also called on to do all the punting, and though he did it poorly, that he did it at all acceptably, in addition to line-bucking and interfering and end-running, emphasizes this man's wonderful endurance and all-round ability. I heartily congratulate Univ. of Penn. on having a player so skilled and a sportsman so keen to captain the team of '99.

In a class below Hare are Boal (Harvard), Brown (Yale), Burden (Harvard), McCracken (Univ. of Penn.); and in another may be included Marshall (Yale), B. Pierce (Carlisle), Crowdis (Princeton), Reed and Lueder (Cornell). There is very little difference one way or the other among the first three of this class; rarely do we see four as splendid specimens as Hare, Brown, Burden, Boal, of that type of college athlete and sportsman whom we all love;—three honored and beloved names of the same type stand out on my paper like lamps in the night as I write—Frank Hallowell, Herbert Alward, Marshall Newell—all three sons of Harvard, and the last two gone to their final resting-place.

Because of his physical strength, his gains with the ball, and his play in his position, Boal, I think, is clearly entitled to the other guard position on the national team, and Brown and Burden appear to be equally entitled to the vacancies on the substitute team. Reed has done better work than his college-mate Lueder, who all the season appears to have been satisfied with his own game, and though doing fairly well in big events, nevertheless fell considerably short of his capabilities.

FILLING TACKLE POSITIONS has given a severe wrench to my sentiments, which persistently demanded that Haughton be given one of the places. But Chamberlin and Hillebrand are so pre-eminent that even the marvellously well directed punting of Haughton is no warrant for displacing either of them. Moreover, the All-America team cannot afford to bring back a tackle to do the punting, and with Romeyn, McBride, and Daly in the back field, the '98 national team seems to need kicking ability least of all things.

Haughton is a first-class man in the position of tackle, though not so good as either of those chosen; but in running with the ball Haughton is of little value, while both Chamberlin and Hillebrand are strong ground-gainers.

In the actual playing of his position Haughton is no better than Donald (Harvard) or Foy (West Point). In fact, nothing but superior coaching has put any one of these tackles, in my opinion, ahead of Foy this year. So far as natural ability is concerned, the West-Pointer has no superiors playing the game to-day. Coaching is all he needs to make him one of the stars of American football.

And speaking of West Point suggests comment on the skill and patience and sportsmanship which Lieutenant Palmer Pierce, U.S.A., revealed in the fulfilment of the somewhat trying and intricate functions that obtain in the management of the Military Academy elevens. They have boards and red-tape and things at West Point which no manager elsewhere has to encounter, and that Mr. Pierce steered through them all without a clash, and with no civilian suspecting their existence, is evidence of executive and diplomatic ability.

Carnett (Univ. of Penn.) stands next to those already named, and in ground-gaining perhaps leads them all, though that happens because of Univ. of Penn.'s weak back field, and the consequent more frequent employment of line men in advancing the ball. Both Foy and Chamberlin are stronger ground-gainers than Carnett, and all are stronger on the defensive. Sweetland (Cornell), Geer (Princeton), Stillman (Yale), are about of a class in order of merit named. I am satisfied now, in the light of fuller observation, that my earlier comment this season on Sweetland did him injustice; certainly in the Univ. of Penn. game, which is Cornell's one of most importance, Sweetland's work shone above that of any other individual on the team. He seemed always to be with the ball, and he decidedly outplayed his vis-à-vis; what team-work Cornell revealed Sweetland fitted to his place harmoniously.

There were no guards or tackles in the West up to the All-America class.

THE BEST END OF THE YEAR was unquestionably Hallowell (a good old name for Harvard), who approached very near to the standard of that famous namesake of '94. He played a hard heady game throughout the season without injury and without serious fault; on the defensive he went into the play with rare precision and tackled unerringly; on kicks he got under the ball with speed and accuracy. There is not much to influence choice among Palmer and Poe (Princeton), Folwell (Univ. of Penn.), and Cochrane (Harvard). Palmer is the fastest, and in the style of game shown this year that appears to be one of the most important attributes of the end. He and Poe are also the lightest, and in the manner of game played a few years ago, I should displace them in favor of either Folwell or Cochrane. But the ends are not used, as formerly, on the defensive, and weight counts for less nowadays than speed and activity. Folwell was very strong on the defensive—perhaps the strongest of the lot. Poe was lucky in having the opportunity, and active enough to seize upon it, for making, on a fumble in the Yale game, a ninety-five-yard run which gave Princeton her only touch-down, and has tended to a popular overestimate of Poe's ability as an end rusher. Cochrane's work was very good indeed; were he a little more dependable always, he would have made the national team this year. When at his best, none is better save Hallowell.

Farley (Harvard), Hedges (Univ. of Penn.), Smith (West Point), Snow and Bennett (Michigan), are five other ends who have shown possibilities of high class; Farley looks like an especially promising end; Snow is the "find" of the Middle West.

Meretricious sporting columns of several members of the "yellow" class have attempted to sensationalize in the direction of football accidents in '98; as a matter of fact, the reports that come to me from California to Maine, and from Michigan to Mississippi emphasize a general increase in playing numbers and skill, and a decrease in accidents.

Before closing my review of the Eastern season I wish to single out for commendation Brown's adoption this year of the graduate coaching system; it is one that has done much for others, and will do a great deal for Brown. Besides it is after all the only manner of developing a genuine spirit of sport for its own sake.

ALL-WESTERN ELEVEN FOR '98.

O'Dea (Wisconsin), full-back.
Caley (Michigan) and Slaker (Chicago), half-backs.
Kennedy (Chicago), quarter-back.
Cunningham (Michigan), centre.
Rogers (Chicago) and Bunge (Beloit), guards.
Steckle (Michigan) and Bothne (Northwestern), tackles.
Snow (Michigan) and Bennett (Michigan), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

IN THE LINE.

McLain (Illinois), Webb (Chicago), Anderson (Wisconsin).

BACK OF THE LINE.

Ryan (Northwestern), McLean (Michigan), Widman (Michigan).

Western readers will remember that in choosing this eleven the same standard of eligibility, ethics, sportsmanship, etc., is required as obtains in the choice of the All-America team.

THE 1898 SCHEDULE OF FOOTBALL GAMES among the universities of the Middle West happened to be so arranged that those with mind ever turning to "championships" will this year have satisfying evidence to their liking. By winning from Chicago on Thanksgiving day, Michigan's unbeaten eleven earned the title to first honors in that section, though the score (12–11) indicates the margin for speculation among the unprejudiced.

COMPARATIVE SCORES OF THE MIDDLE-WESTERN FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1898.

	Michigan.	Chicago.	Wisconsin.	Illinois.	Minnesota.	North-western.	Oberlin.	Purdue.	Notre Dame.	Beloit.	Chicago P. & S.
Michigan		12–11, Nov. 24.		12–5, Nov. 12.		6–5, Nov. 5.			23–0, Oct. 22.	22–0, Nov. 19.	
Chicago	11–12, Nov. 24.		6–0, Nov. 12.			34–5, Oct. 22.		17–0, Nov. 5.		21–0, Oct. 15.	22–0, Oct. 5.
Wisconsin		0–6, Nov. 12.			29–0, Oct. 29.	47–0, Nov. 24.				17–0, Oct. 22.	
Illinois	5–12, Nov. 12.				11–10, Nov. 24.				0–5, Oct. 8.		6–11, Oct. 1.
Minnesota			0–29, Oct. 29.	10–11, Nov. 24.		17–6, Nov. 12.					
Northwestern	5–6, Nov. 5.	5–34, Oct. 22.	0–47, Nov. 24.		6–17, Nov. 12.					17–11, Oct. 8.	11–2, Oct. 15.
Oberlin								10–0, Nov. 24.			
Purdue		0–17, Nov. 5.					0–10, Nov. 24.				
Notre Dame	0–23, Oct. 22.			5–0, Oct. 8.							
Beloit	0–22, Nov. 19.	0–21, Oct. 15.	0–17, Oct. 22.			11–17, Oct. 8.					
Chicago P. & S.		0–22, Oct. 5.		11–6, Oct. 1.		2–11, Oct. 15.					
Univ. of Cincinnati							0–5, Oct. 22.				

Generally speaking, the West believed the odds overwhelmingly favored Chicago. Chicago had crushed Northwestern. A fortnight later Northwestern had all but beaten Michigan, 5–6. Man for man, Chicago was more experienced, and, save at the ends, had shown far better form than Michigan. And then there was the heretofore irresistible advantage of Herschberger. Until they met Chicago the Michigan team of '98 had had no crucial test. It was a pretty green team, all things considered, and the question was how it would hold together on defence. Practically half were Freshmen.

Chicago, on the other hand, had gone through a long schedule, mostly of victories by big scores, and had the prestige and experience acquired by her 11–23 game against Univ. of Penn.

Michigan's previous games had shown lack of team-work. Chicago had insensibly eased her practice in the last week, for the men, despite themselves, were confident of victory. But all that does not detract from Michigan's showing, or alter the fact that the eleven made remarkable improvement—in a word, secured team-play—in the last days of its practice.

If the first ten minutes of the game were inauspicious for Michigan's green team, there was no telling by how much she would lose. Chicago realized this, and, taking the ball from the kick-off, played her fastest game, reaching Michigan's thirty-five-yard mark under five minutes. Here Herschberger failed in his first attempt at kicking a goal from the field.

IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR CONTESTS, in many respects, the West has developed. The first half did not bring out the best football of which either team was capable. Fumbling by Chicago more than offset the start she had secured by cleverly executed trick plays, and the same fumbles, aided by Herschberger's poor punting at critical moments, led to Michigan's first touch-down. Herschberger tried twice for fairly easy goals from the field, one by drop-kick, and the other by placement-kick, and each time he failed. Then toward the end of the half, on his most difficult try for a goal, he scored from the forty-three-yard line in masterly style.

Toward the middle of the first half Chicago was forced to punt from her forty-yard line. Cavanaugh passed the ball several feet over Herschberger's head, and the full-back had but an instant to recover it when both Michigan ends were upon him. Herschberger made a mess of his next punt, and Michigan took the ball twenty yards for a touch-down. From this point Michigan's green men had no lack of self-confidence, and Chicago saw the possibility of defeat. Herschberger's handsome goal near the end of the first half gave Chicago new confidence, but this was more than offset by Widman's sixty-five-yard run in the second half for Michigan's second touch-down, and for which Herschberger and Chicago's left end must be held accountable. Both were inexcusably drawn into the centre.

WIDMAN'S RUN WAS STIRRING. He wriggled loose from two tacklers at the line, and outran three others before reaching Chicago's goal, with two Chicago men almost on him and another left under his feet five yards back. Clever work by the Michigan ends, Snow and Captain Bennett, overcame the advantage Chicago had in Herschberger's punting. Chicago's ends were never down in time, and McLean ran the ball back for Michigan a good distance every time.

Chicago's only touch-down, made with five minutes of the game left, was earned by the only lasting display the team made of its best offensive work. In fact, Chicago's exhibition in gathering herself together so close to the end of the game, and hammering through Michigan's left side for a touch-down, was, in a way, the feature of the day. Her full-back, Slaker, carried the ball in four out of five plays, that gained twenty-seven yards in all. That brace left her only one point behind.

The game was played on a dry field, in perfect weather, and before the most enthusiastic and best-informed crowd (10,000) a Western game has yet attracted. Not in the Coliseum this time, for that is gone, thankfully, but on Marshall Field, the grounds of Chicago University. The Chicago-Wisconsin game, twelve days earlier, drew an equal number of spectators.

Further discussion of Middle-Western and Missouri Valley football continued next week.

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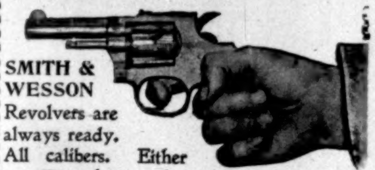

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